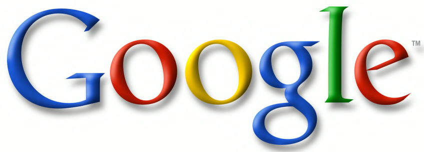
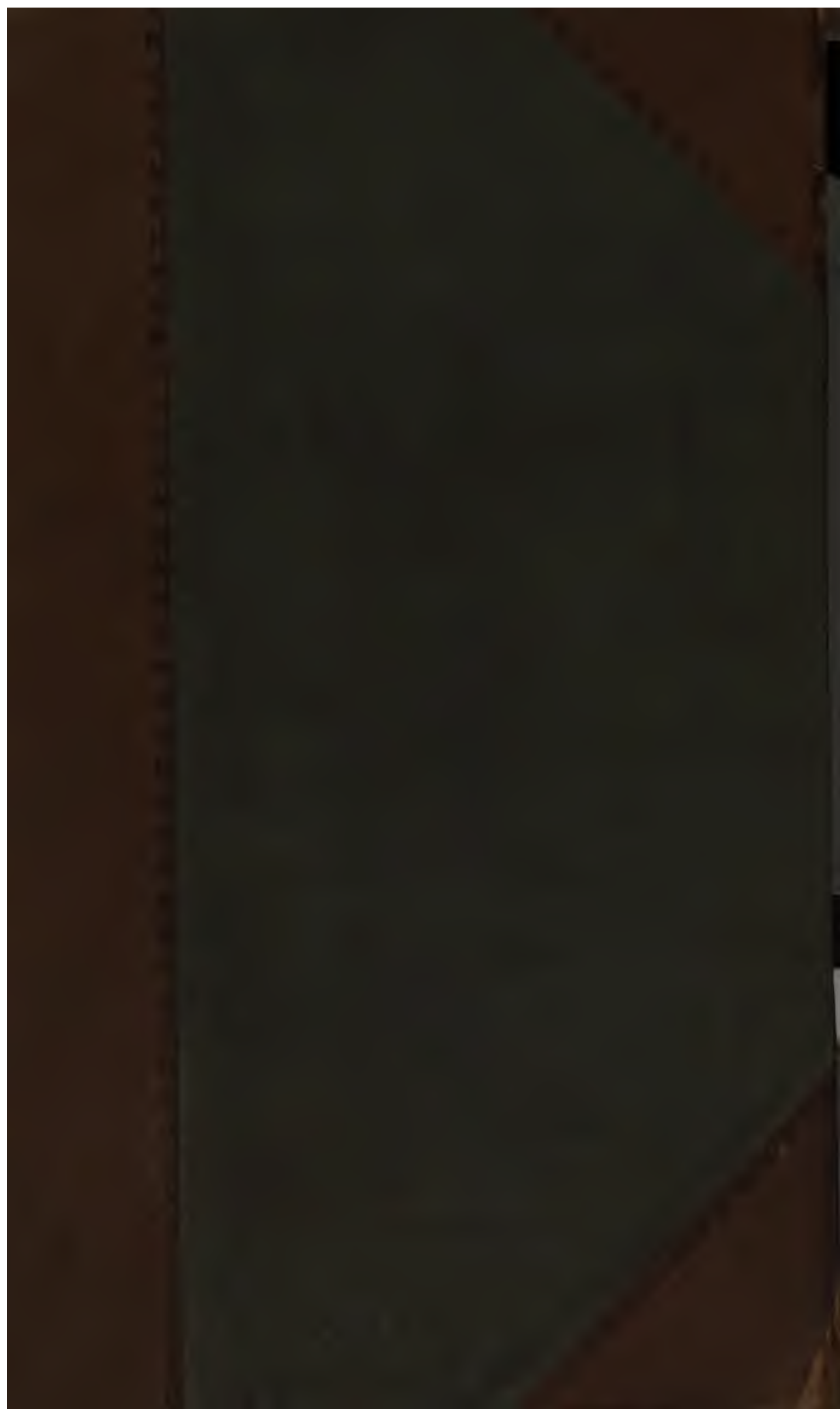






SPAIN,

AND

THE SEAT OF WAR IN SPAIN.

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Hamerton

Day & Haghe Lith to the King

SPAIN;

AND

THE SEAT OF WAR IN SPAIN.

BY

HERBERT BYNG HALL, Esq.

LATE CAPTAIN OF THE SEVENTH ROYAL BRITISH FUSILEERS,

AND KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF ST. FERDINAND.

"Aux armes! camarades. Que nul ne manque à l'appel, que nul ne s'endorme auprès d'un broc de vin ou d'un tison qui s'éteint; et ne laisse engourdir son sang, tandis que celui de ses frères coulera chaud sur ses rochers!"

Don Carlos.

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1837.



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TO

THE RIGHT HON.

LORD FREDERICK FITZCLARENCE,

G. C. H., &c. &c. &c.

My Lord,

Without having asked your permission, I have taken the liberty of dedicating to your Lordship the following sketch of the operations of the combined forces of the Queen of Spain, at this moment engaged in the civil war raging in that unhappy country. As it is formed merely from hurried notes, collected during the fatigues of a campaign carried on under more than common difficulties, I trust the apology for it's many errors may be favourably received by your Lordship.

A feeling of deep gratitude for many kindnesses on your part towards me, during a period of six years, in which I have had the honour and pleasure of serving under your command,—added to the conviction, that any military knowledge I might have been enabled to gain, originated from your excellent discipline,—has been the means of enabling me cheerfully to do my duty whilst on the personal Staff of the Commander-in-chief of the Cantabrian Coast.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

With much sincerity,

Your faithful servant,

H. BYNG HALL.

PREFACE.

In submitting this little work to public perusal, I am anxious that it should be judged by the nature of its pretensions;—it purports only to shew the real state of the combined forces of the Queen of Spain, and to furnish such anecdotes of the war as relate to scenes that have been actually witnessed by the Author.

As a means of enforcing accuracy of observation, it has long been my habit to note down in writing the most interesting objects which, from time to time, have occurred in the course of the journies I have undertaken, either on duty or in the pursuit of pleasure. The memoranda which I made during a short campaign in the North of Spain, I reduced into the form of a manuscript journal, which it was my intention only to have shewn my immediate friends. When, how-

ever, I returned from Spain, I received many applications for an account of the military proceedings in that country, and I foresaw the impossibility of satisfying all my acquaintance. From the courtesy of the Editor of the "United Service Journal," I was enabled to publish my journal in the shape of letters in that valuable periodical; still this did not satisfy the non-readers of that publication. In my embarrassment, I recollected to have heard of an honest Quaker who resided in the back settlements of America, and who, finding himself almost eaten up by transient visitors, set up a sign over his door. After which, although he did not make any profit, he enjoyed the comfort of a quiet house. Upon this hint, I have committed my journal to the press; if any thing more than what accrued to the American shall accrue to me, "lucro apponam."

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SPAIN,

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CHAPTER I.

Ye who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
  Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:
Whate'er keen vengeance urged on foreign foe
  Can act, is acting there against man's life:
From flashing scimitar to secret knife,
  War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—
So may he guard the sister and the wife,
  So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,
So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed.

Spain, in her day of fame, was the supreme country of the warrior and the poet, the minstrel, the navigator, and the bold adventurer on the seas and shores of the new world. Spain, as a country, is without doubt one of the finest portions of the world, whether we regard its po-

sition, as relating to the Mediterranean sea, offering a highway to the ends of the world, with the chain of the Pyrenees forming a barrier and protection against foreign invasion by land; or for the salubrity of its southern climate, the everlasting fertility of its soil, and abundant mineral resources, peopled still by a hardy, warlike, but revengeful and haughty race. They possess, however, at the present hour, but few of those enterprising and chivalrous notions of the sixteenth century, or as sons of the northern conquerors of the Roman empire, little of the glowing temperament, and none of the romance of the Saracen conqueror of their ancestors.

The national heart beats with few of the same capacities at the present moment, therefore is this splendid nation wasting day by day in the agonies of a brutal, ruinous, and hateful civil war. Hundreds, nay thousands, are perishing by each others' hands—the humble abode of the labourer is no longer one of peace and honest comfort—no longer are heard the sounds of the guitar and the castenets, the Alemeda is no longer the scene of the merry dance and the social walk; the watchful sentry and the well-armed guard, are now the only occupants of spots formed alone for the brilliant and the gay.

Yet could we erase from our minds the feelings of disgust, indignation, and compassion, that naturally arise, when following the course of events now acting on the blood-stained theatre of this self-annihilated and unhappy country— could we forget the facts and abundant horrors of civil war,—the homes that are become childless, the rich valleys that are laid waste, the total wreck of all honest feelings, the utter and fearful neglect of religious practice, and the consequent want of faith in all dealings—had we not ourselves visited, and in a manner been an actor in some of those recent fields of bloodshed and despair,—had we not actually witnessed the father arrayed against the son in mortal strife, —we might endeavour to look with more than common eagerness on those scenes, now so ripe in actual contention in that part of the Peninsula, which will for ever teem with numerous exciting reminiscences to the soldier, whose glory has there been won, as also by the aspirer for future feats of arms in his country's cause. Could we, I may add, at once blot out from our minds that the war in Spain is against Spain's sons by her own children, and look upon the awful and wretched strife as of foreign foes, then would the world at large more eagerly follow the various operations of the combined

forces, as well as the striking political events at Madrid. In the mean time,

> "The war-cry sounds afar,
> From Biscay's mountain-top to brave Navarre,"

and the horrors and disasters of the civil contest still rage with all their fury and dire misery to the millions actually connected with it. I am therefore humbly led, after due consideration as to its origin and effects, added to some personal knowledge, both of the country and most of the principal actors and commanders on this theatre of strife, to offer my opinions; putting, however, out of the question any attempt to follow those movements of which I have not been an eye-witness, and earnestly endeavouring not to allow any political feeling, or partiality to the cause in which I engaged, to make me deviate from what I conceive to be the true position of affairs.

The death of Ferdinand, King of Spain, one of whose last acts was that of abolishing the salique law, by which his daughter became heiress to the throne, to the exclusion of his brother, Prince Carlos, called forth at once the indignation of that portion of the country by whom he was then honoured and beloved. This prince's claim to the crown rested, as they con-

ceived, on King Ferdinand's not having the power of abolishing a law which had so long existed, although in favour of his daughter,—and I am not sufficiently prepared to discuss thoroughly that question; yet I am individually satisfied with the justice of the decision of the great majority of the Spanish people; added to which, history declares to us that the kingdom of Spain had formerly an absolute hereditary monarchy, the females inheriting in default of male issue; the king then appears to have had the power of disposing of his crown to what branch of the royal family he might prefer—of which we have an instance, when Charles the Second gave his dominions to the Duke of Anjou. The "salique" law has, however, been since established.

As regards myself, I am far from believing that the rising of the great mass of the Carlists, which first took place at Bilbao, in the month of October 1833, had its origin in the actual wish of establishing Don Carlos on the throne of his ancestors, although such is generally believed to be the case; and is so far correct, that it may be without doubt affirmed, that what at first was the mere surmise of a few, has since taken root in the hearts of many. Yet, from all the information I was enabled to collect in the country, I feel satisfied that I have more than com-

upon reason for conceiving, that the prominent cause originated in the fear that the peculiar rights of the "Fueros" of the Basque provinces and Navarre might be overthrown or infringed upon by the liberal party who surround the throne of Isabella, the justness of whose intentions was never reasonably submitted to the minds of the proud and haughty spirits of the peasantry of those provinces; and it must be deeply regretted, that the great neglect of energetic measures, which then, as now, are ever wanting in the leaders of Spanish affairs, did not urge them promptly to take the measures, which most undoubtedly they might have done, for quelling in its infancy, the rising of a party that very shortly succeeded in convulsing the whole of Spain.

The laws, manners, and customs of the small mountain provinces, where, at the commencement of the war, the most enthusiastic spirit of flying to arms took place, and amongst whom the great mass of Don Carlos's army still exists, differ in a great measure from those of any other part of Spain. They comprehend about a fifteenth part of the population, and not a hundredth part of the territory of the kingdom; and although the inhabitants acknowledge the authority of a sovereign, at the same time their admi-

nistration is carried on by election. The rising of the people against the throne of Isabella had commenced several months previous to Don Carlos's entry into Spain, during which period he was a resident in England; but at length, in disguise, he succeeded in passing the French frontier, and has since held his mountain court in the Basque provinces, surrounded by his hardy warriors, who are too glad to avail themselves of his presence among them, as a stimulant to their feats of arms, and as a means of supplying their necessities. The person of the prince is by no means striking or particularly aristocratic, inclining more to *embonpoint* than gracefulness. His large mustachios, however, which he invariably wears, give a character and expression to his countenance which, from the fairness of his complexion and small eyes, would be otherwise far from striking. His manners are mild, pleasing, and courteous; and his dress, which generally consists of a black surtout coat, trousers, and boots, is simple and unaffected, as is also his general demeanour; in age he is about fifty, and of the middle stature. I may be incorrect, yet I have been informed by one of his "corps de guides," or body-guard, that, although by no means wanting in personal courage, Don Carlos seldom leads his army to the field

of battle; and even at Mendigorria, where he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by the Christinos, he did not command in person on the field of action.

The extent of country that may be said to a man to uphold Carlist opinions, is terminated on the north by the Pyrenees, on the French side of which are the forces of Louis Philippe, commanded by General Harispe, occupying an extended line of observation, for the purpose of preventing all supplies from passing to the prince's army;—on the east, by the Bay of Biscay, fully and ably protected by an English squadron, under Lord John Hay;—and to the west by a line of defended positions on the rivers Arga and Ega, the latter of which washes the walls of Pampeluna, and joins the Ebro between Tolosa and Tudela. The river Ebro itself, dividing the kingdom of Navarre and the Basque provinces, consisting of Biscay, Alava, and Guipuscoa, from Old Castile, forms the southern boundary. In thus detailing the boundaries of this part of Spain, I by no means wish it to be inferred, that in those alone exist the whole of Queen Isabella's enemies; various incursions and crossings of the Ebro have been made, more particularly that of the enterprising General Gomez only recently, and which I shall

take an opportunity of explaining. None, however, have met with any very favourable results to the Carlist cause, and most have been of a disastrous nature. Numerous bands of insurgents still exist, both in High Arragon and Catalonia, the principal commander of whom, the daring Cabrera, although frequently wounded, and narrowly escaping capture, still pursues his revengeful career for the death of his aged mother, by devastating his lovely country with bloodshed and robbery.

These scattered bodies of half organized guerilla troops, are neither so formidable from their number, nor from the nature of that part of the country in which they are generally found, as those of the provinces who alone form the great body of Don Carlos's army; the utmost numerical force of which, under any circumstances, that could be brought into the field under arms, I should say, could not exceed thirty thousand men. With such a force, it appears almost incredible that the Carlists should have held out, and should with undiminished ardour continue to fight, against a superior force of well-disciplined and well-organized regular troops, to which may be added, the auxiliary assistance of the British, Algerine, and Portuguese Legions. Deeply and sincerely must it be regretted, by all

who have hearts to feel for their own homes and families, or for the freedom and pride of their country, that this cruel and unnatural war is not yet over, nor the murdering knife at rest.

The mountainous nature of their country, every yard of which is familiar to them, their individual bodily hardihood and independent habits, their extreme powers of bearing fatigue, added to an unparalleled quickness of movement, render it almost an impossibility to bring them to any sort of general engagement; which puts it out of the question to hope to gain any favourable results, from the constant skirmishes and operations that take place. It is my firm belief, that thousands of lives must yet be lost before a war, carried on with such ardour, and under circumstances so peculiar, and so much to be lamented, can be brought to a happy termination.

Since my return to England, I have endeavoured to obtain the perusal of as many of the published opinions of my own countrymen as I could collect, and as far as my personal knowledge of both Carlists and Christinos enables me to judge; as well as from my earnest endeavours to obtain correct information from the peasants and more wealthy inhabitants when in Spain, I am fully borne out in asserting that

the majority of the Carlists are fighting for what they conceive to be an unwarrantable infringement on their ancient privileges. This opinion appears to be held, also, by the talented author of "Portugal and Gallicia,"* with whom I have some family connexion; and, although in this, my humble account of the events to which I was an eye-witness in the seat of war in Spain, I, in no way, presume to give any detail of historical matters, yet I must take leave to add, that I published such an opinion in the "United Service Journal" some time previously to the appearance of that admirable work. To these privileges, sanctified by unconstitutional oaths under the everlasting tree of Guernica,† may certainly be traced the inconceivable and inhuman miseries under which the fair Espagna is now suffering; and although I am willing to declare, that none more truly love the spirit of independence and freedom; and none are so calculated, both from the nature of their country, habits, and mode of life, to enjoy it, as are the provincials and Navar-

* His uncle, the Hon. Charles Herbert, married the Hon. —— Byng, my aunt.—His father, the late Earl of Carnarvon, was my godfather.

† This famous tree, so celebrated in the history of Biscay, was said to have been destroyed by the soldiery for fire-wood, and another christened with much solemnity.

rese of North Spain,—yet have these magnanimous and high-spirited people—haunted by the bigotry of the priesthood, and the despotism of an over-desire for liberty, at the expense of the rest of the nation, fallen from their ancient pinnacle of splendid freedom into the snare, which a too hurried taking up of arms has brought them. And, alas! what is before them when conquered? Their leaders are lost to themselves and to their country—their followers restless and dissatisfied, after so long an association with bloodshed and despair; endowed with an indefatigable activity and love of independence, would sooner fly to robbery and unlawful practices for a livelihood, than return to their once peaceful and plentiful homes.

Captain Henningsen, although strongly and naturally biassed towards the welfare of that party with whom he so gallantly shared both toils and pleasures, has also gratified the public by an admirable account of his campaign, under the enterprising Zumalacarregui; and, divesting the book of its political opinions, with which, in courtesy, none have a right to interfere, his account of the country and the war, over many parts of which I have traced the same road, is, in my opinion, by far the most

accurate and most faithful I have yet seen, though I differ from him almost entirely as to the origin of the war, and as to the feelings of Spaniards in general.

CHAPTER II.

Oh war! thou art indeed the deadliest curse
  Which heaven can suffer or the world endure!
However pride thy glories may rehearse,
  Or hopes of fame thy votaries may allure!
  Volcano, earthquake, pestilence impure,
Are evils: but they poison not the spring
  Of thoughts and feeling—lenient time may cure
These devastations; but to thine there cling
Resentment, rooted hate, and each unlikely thing.

I SCARCELY ever recollect to have witnessed so lovely a summer's night, as that on which I embarked on board the *Isabella* man-of-war steamer for North Spain, and many a turn did I pace her gallant deck, as she glided quickly and swan-like through an unruffled sea; watching the beautiful moonlight view of Plymouth harbour, and my native shores, as they receded from my view. Amongst the numerous overwhelming thoughts that rushed across my mind, I endea-

voured to contrast the glorious country—the peaceful home—and much-loved friends I had left, for a life of activity and barbarous strife in a foreign land, which ambitious hopes, added to the anxious wish of seeing service in that part of the Peninsula, teeming with reminiscences of the glorious feats of arms gained by my countrymen during the war of independence, with the desire of gaining some interesting political and historical knowledge, had led me to be a partaker. Our party on board, consisted of Generals Evans and Alava, with their staff, the *Isabella* having been purposely ordered by the Spanish government for their accommodation; and what with agreeable conversation, fine weather, and an unusually calm sea, not a ripple disturbing the Bay of Biscay, we made a speedy and pleasant voyage, landing, on the 13th of August 1835, at Santander. Since which period, until the time of my leaving the country, I was individually an eye-witness of every action and skirmish in which either the British Auxiliary troops or the Christino army were engaged. Events subsequent to my arrival in Spain, unlooked-for and unsought, though most kindly granted, placed me in a situation, from my being attached for a length of time to the head-quarters of the commander-in-

chief of the army in the north, and with whom I constantly resided, and thereby was enabled to see far more of the provinces which are the principal theatre of the war than most of my English comrades, whatever may have been their superior military knowledge.

Santander, the capital of the province of that name, is a small and irregularly built town, containing few good houses, with the exception of some recently built on the quay, forming a side to the harbour; these are principally inhabited by wealthy merchants, their commerce having greatly increased since the commencement of the civil war, which entirely prevents vessels trading to Bilbao, formerly the great mart. The harbour on which this quay is built, is one of great beauty and magnitude, and is capable of floating ships of any tonnage; on the opposite side from the town, at the village of Astelero, there was formerly a foundry of some note, as also a dock, and at this place, the *San Joseph* was said to have been built.

During the month of August, the *Castor* frigate, commanded by Lord John Hay, and two French brigs were laying at anchor there, and nothing could exceed the kindness and exertions of Lord John, in allowing his boats to land the troops, and indeed in giving every assistance

consistent with his orders. The country by which Santander is surrounded is extremely mountainous, yet the scenery is beautiful, and the valleys most productive and well cultivated. The period of our remaining there was, however, so short, that I had only sufficient time to take a cursory view of anything interesting in the neighbourhood; and indeed, the General was engaged during the whole period, in inspecting and organizing the several regiments of British auxiliaries, who were then established at the convent of Carbon, about a league from the town. The accommodation for troops at this place, under any circumstances, was of the worst description; and I hesitate not to declare, that neither the inhabitants nor public authorities, in any degree of generous feeling, showed themselves disposed to contribute to the comforts or necessities of those who had arrived as allies on their shores, where British soldiers had once been so joyfully hailed; though the town, and indeed the whole province of Santander are supposed, and have shown themselves, disposed to support the cause of Isabella. Having bid adieu to this inhospitable place, and once more embarked on board the *Isabella* steamer, we sailed for St. Sebastian, touching at Portugalette, in order to communicate with the governor of that place;

it is a small, irregular, and insignificant town, built on the slope of a hill extending to the mouth of the river Azua, which runs from thence to Bilbao, where it changes its name to Ybaizabel.

The position of this place is important, as commanding the entrance of the river, which is at all times difficult, and generally dangerous to navigate, from the strong current having formed a bar of sand, which the tide breaking over at low water prevents even boats from entering in safety. The town itself is placed in a state of defence as far as regards loop-holes and barricades; in other respects it is without strength. A small fort in a commanding position towards the interior, has however, been erected since that period, and has been found most efficient. The *Reyna Gobernadore* steamer sailed on the same night from Santander, taking on board almost the whole of the troops of the Legion, with the exception of those very recently arrived from England; and on our landing at St. Sebastian, I must assert, that we were received with infinitely more enthusiasm, and a far greater appearance of cordiality and approval of Foreign auxiliary aid, although I cannot say we experienced an over-abundance of assistance or courteous feeling at either place, and in many instances not even that civility due to strangers, more particularly

those about to risk their lives in the cause of the Spanish sovereign.

We here found several regiments of the Legion who had some months previously landed in Spain, and, to do them and their commanders justice, they were in a very creditable state of organization and discipline. With regard to St. Sebastian, it will be needless my adding more, than that both by nature and art I conceive it to be one of the most formidable fortifications in the world; so many accounts, so many reminiscences are still fresh, not only in the memory of the gallant Peninsula army, but also of the whole world, as regards this celebrated position in the annals of military history, that I must refer them to far better and more detailed accounts than I could offer, and proceed to more active operations as respects the civil war.

On Sunday the 30th of August, when the hearts of thousands of my own dear countrymen were turned in humble supplication to the Almighty, when many of the rich valleys of England were hushed in the silence of devotion, and not a sound was heard, save the tinkling of the sheep bells as they grazed in the rich pastures, I first listened to the deadly whistle of shots fired in angry civil strife, and I first saw the bleeding and dying corpses of those killed by the hands of their

brethren of the same soil. The Carlists had for several days been employed in throwing up considerable entrenchments, and fortifying the St. Sebastian side of a conical hill immediately above the Venta of Oriamendi, about a league from Ernani, which small town, situated on a sloping eminence, in the centre of a rich and extensive valley in the rear of the above-named hill, is protected on the southern side by the rocky heights of Santa Barbara. The high road from Vittoria and Tolosa to France passes through this town, and is approached on the inland side by a massive causeway, constructed to overcome the intervening hollow, with a parapet on the road side.

Although on the personal staff of General Evans, I was far from being aware that he had formed, or indeed had conceived any intention of making a reconnoissance in this direction, and so totally ignorant were the officers of the Legion that they were about to meet an enemy, that on an order being issued on Saturday evening, the 29th, for the combined troops to parade the following morning on the glacis, that most of them conceiving it to be only a church parade, appeared as is generally the custom with regiments in England, in full dress; the men had breakfasted, but no farther rations had been is-

sued to them; added to which they were in light marching order, a sufficient proof that it was the General's intention they should return to St. Sebastian that night, or even that afternoon.

Had it been his desire, or had he even a thought of attacking Ernani, it is more than probable that he would have succeeded in taking it, from the very commanding position he held over the town during the latter part of the day; to which may be added, that the enemy were inferior in force and without artillery. Had he, as has been several times asserted, made this movement with the determination of opening a communication by Irun to the French frontier, is it possible or probable, or indeed, is it not absurd, at least in the eyes of military men, to suppose that he would have directed his march into the interior of an enemy's country without some little baggage, and with scarcely any ammunition, except the sixty rounds the men, particularly when on service, carry in their pouches? These facts must prove the utter absurdity of his having had any such intention, and I can confidently state, no such operation was in contemplation at that period. The majority of the troops then in garrison having formed in contiguous close columns on the glacis, moved in the after-

noon by the high road towards the Venta of Oriamendi which I have already mentioned.

When within six or eight hundred yards of the enemy's entrenchments, the San Fernando and Chapelgorris regiments, who led the advance, threw out a line of tirailleurs, and were very shortly afterwards engaged, the enemy pouring on them a tremendous fire from behind their works and then retiring. Thus in less than half an hour they succeeded in turning the enemy's flanks, and possessing themselves of the Venta hill. This being the first time that I had seen the Carlists in action, although the unenviable situation has since frequently fallen to my lot, I was not then aware that to fight and retire, or *en retraite*, waiting an opportunity to fall on the rear or flanks of their adversary, was their great strength. This custom they invariably, and not always unsuccessfully, put in practice, whenever, as is frequently the case, the Christinos are necessitated to fall back upon some town or village for quarters during the night after an action. Thus they lose comparatively few men, whereas their making any decided stand, particularly where their position is not advantageous, would probably cause them a serious loss, and any decided result on the part of the forces of the Queen, consequently becomes more difficult to gain.

After taking possession of and destroying the temporary fortifications at first occupied by the Carlists, the Chapelgorris and San Fernando regiments followed them with much spirit through the valley in which reposed the town of Ernani, until they reached the heights of Santa Barbara, where they made a firm and determined stand, being in a great measure protected by the rocky and wild nature of the ground. It had never been the wish of General Evans that the Spanish troops, who were then commanded by El Pastor, or Jaureguy, should have advanced thus far; but finding such to be the case, he ordered the first regiment of the British Legion to their support, and placed the remainder in reserve, in a position commanding the entire valley and town of Ernani. He then advanced with his staff to the leading skirmishers, in order more closely to reconnoitre the movements of the enemy. I shall have so many opportunities of mentioning the personal courage and undeviating exertions of General Evans, that in so trifling an affair as this, it is scarcely necessary to allude to them; that it was his wish, however, finding he had so far advanced, and notwithstanding the mode of guerilla warfare so ably practised by the enemy, to have then endeavoured to have taken and occupied Ernani,

I am well assured; and this plan might doubtless have been put into execution, as not one battalion of Carlists then had possession of it. With such intentions, he sent back a staff-officer to St. Sebastian for rations and a greater supply of ammunition, together with the remaining force left in charge of the town. His wishes were notwithstanding overcome, particularly by Jaureguy, whose perfect knowledge of the nature of the war, and every yard of the country, induced him to conceive it both advisable and expedient that the division should return to St. Sebastian, particularly as they were totally unprovided with the means of enabling the troops to bivouack, or to place the town, in case of their succeeding in its capture, in a state of tenable defence.

The Spanish troops, "au reste," had expended all their ammunition, and the night was gradually closing in; notwithstanding which, the Christino force retired in a most orderly manner to their original quarters, although harassed by repeated attacks of the Carlists on their rear, who quitted the heights the moment the order for retiring was given, and unceasingly followed their opponents until night closed over a bloody and heartless scene. In this trifling affair the British auxiliary force had two or three officers

wounded. I had the ill luck to be slightly hit in the neck when at the general's side. We also lost one cadet killed, and about twenty men killed and wounded; the Spanish troops had also several men killed, and a considerable number wounded. Of course, I cannot speak correctly as to the loss sustained by the enemy; but their line being much extended, added to their great quickness of movement, and the facility they have, from a perfect knowledge of the country, of covering themselves, I should imagine their entire loss to have been inconsiderable. The Carlist troops engaged in this affair were principally battalions of the province of Guipuscoa, and were commanded by the since well-known Gomez.

Previous to closing my hurried account of this my first insight into guerilla warfare, I must add a few words of El Pastor, or Jaureguy, now, I believe, captain-general of Biscay, and, in my humble opinion, one of the most honest and patriotic officers of the constitutional army. Born near the town of Tolosa, in the province of Biscay, which he now commands, he was the son of Don Garcia Jaureguy, a small farmer. In his youth he was employed in attending to his father's flocks, while feeding on the mountain sides, during which occupation he

became accurately acquainted with every track and mountain-pass in the neighbourhood. The patriotic spirit for which he has ever been famed and consistent, led him, during the war of independence, to quit the life of a shepherd and join the standard of the now departed Mina, where his courage and devotion to his country soon placed him at the head of a band of hardy guerillas, who infested the mountains, to the terror of the French army.

Jaureguy is now attached to the forces under the command of General Evans, who justly values his services, and, from his great knowledge of the country, and the inhabitants of the provinces, his presence on all occasions is most desirable; added to which, his firmness of mind, open and manly behaviour, and general good humour, have gained him the esteem of his British allies. In person, he is about the middle height, and robustly formed, with a tendency to corpulence; his countenance is broad, open, and pleasing, which well betokens his good-tempered disposition. His eyes small but brilliant, with a high and expanded forehead, denote his decision of character. By his side invariably hangs a large and handsome sword, of which he is not a little proud, and with good reason, it having been made at To-

losa, in the immediate neighbourhood of his native village, and presented to him by the inhabitants, who purchased it by unanimous subscription, and presented it to the then guerilla chief in admiration of his patriotic zeal in his country's cause during the war of independence.

I have frequently had the pleasure of being in General Jaureguy's society both in a comfortable town quarter, and also in the field of bloody strife, and I have ever found him mild and courteous in manner, determined and undeviating in his actions and opinions. I do not think that he is generally popular or considered a talented military leader by the Christino army; but that is no criterion as to his worth, for they are as changeable as the winds; he is, at all events, sincere and unwavering—two valuable acquisitions in a Spaniard, and I fear much jealousy may be caused by the consideration and rank he has attained in the army, notwithstanding his plebeian birth. He alone has obtained the justice due to his merits, which I doubt not is to him far more preferable than the pedantic, but unprofitable pride of rank so fully developed in the Spanish grandee.

CHAPTER III.

Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
Pride points the path that leads to liberty;
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
War, war is still the cry, "War even to the knife!"

The exhausting and exciting fatigues of this day were sufficient to throw me into a deep and profound repose, which lasted until late on the morning following this trifling affair with the enemy, in which, notwithstanding their having been so recently embodied, the young British auxiliary troops behaved with praiseworthy steadiness and courage. On rising, I found that despatches had arrived to inform us that the Carlists occupied the heights immediately surrounding the town, and in the neighbourhood of Bilbao, in considerable force, and had already entirely cut off all communication by the river

from Portugalette; even a boat belonging to the British man-of-war brig, the *Royalist*, had been fired into, from the heights of Aspi on the right bank of the river, about half a league from Portugalette, when two men were killed, and the lieutenant in command of the boat severely wounded. This information, added to the fear that the city of Bilbao would be subjected to the disaster of a second siege, at once determined General Evans to take all the disposable force under his command to its relief, and the same day two battalions were embarked for Portugalette, to which place the General, his staff, and the remaining troops followed in a few days. We landed there late in the evening of the 4th of September, and, on the following morning, were collected in efficient force, yet not consisting of more than four thousand men. With this division General Evans was in hopes of forming a conjunction with Generals Espartero and Espeleta, who were also marching to the relief of Bilbao by the valley of La Mena and Valmeseda, towards Somorostro, which latter place is within two short leagues of Portugalette.

The Carlists did not, however, await the approach of this combined force, but, having raised the siege, they retired from the vicinity of Bilbao to Arrigorriaga, Zornosa, and the adjacent

villages. The divisions of Espartero and Espeleta therefore, entered the city amidst the joyful acclamations of the inhabitants without a shot being fired, and had consequently the satisfaction of placing the city, for a time, in comparative safety, without the necessity of murdering some hundreds of their countrymen. The British legion crossed the river on the morning subsequent to their entry, and marched by the right bank of the river to Bilbao, one regiment taking up their quarters at the convent of Santa Clara, another at St. Mames on the left bank of the river, about a league from the town; and the rifles, commanded by the Baron de Rottenbourg, were stationed at Sarosa, also on the left hand of the river Asua, about half distance between Portugalette and Bilbao, the remainder being provided with quarters in Bilbao itself. Even in this wealthy and populous city, much difficulty was experienced in finding decent quarters; beds of any sort, and these but few in number, could be provided, even straw was in such requisition that it could not be obtained in sufficient quantity; the consequence was, that in most cases, the troops were under the necessity of sleeping on the pavements of the convents, and the houses in which they were quartered, without any covering.

It is but justice to the Carlists that I should

here mention, that during this march, four men having unwisely left the column and entered a house in search of liquor, were seized by the peasantry and carried to the mountains. After a lapse of time they were, however, returned, and have since, at their own request, been sent to England.

Bilbao, the principal city of the province of Biscay, is situated on the banks of the Asua, or Ybaizabel, which is navigable for vessels of some burden from the mouth of the sea at Portugalette, a distance of about eight English miles, and is picturesque in the extreme. In the centre of a cruel and lamentable war, which emanated from its very walls, and for which the hand of Providence appears to have stricken it with a more than common share of its horrors and miseries, it reposes tranquilly in a small, but rich and delightful valley, surrounded by high and wood-clad mountains. The city in itself is small, containing a population of about 12,000. The streets are high and narrow, and remarkably clean, as no wheeled carriage is allowed to be driven into the town, nor even horsemen to ride beyond a foot-pace, for fear of destroying the peculiarity of the pavement. The houses are very high, and generally inhabited by several families, who occupy the dif-

ferent stories, the highest being considered the most aristocratic. Bilbao was formerly, and even now that its commerce is almost totally at a stand, is still one of the richest towns in the provinces, and for the inhabitants, in peaceable times, one of the cheapest, as regards the necessaries of life, which are most abundant. The Junta, or Biscayan parliament, which formerly met every second year, at Guernica, during the the recess, in form of a deputation, sits permanently at Bilbao. As a military position, nothing can be worse, being entirely surrounded by mountains, which, on the principal side immediately overlook and command the city, and had not Zumalacarregui been killed during the first siege, there is more than common reason to suppose it would have fallen into the hands of Don Carlos. To those who know its relative position, it must be a matter of astonishment, and everlasting glory to its gallant defenders, who, notwithstanding the tremendous attack made under the immediate direction of those able generals, Eguia and Villareal, that it should have been able to hold out until the tardy Count Luchana, aided by the gallant British navy, at last saved it from the enemy's grasp.

On our arrival there, in the month of October, 1835, we found only a few temporary fortifica-

tions and barricades, looped for musketry; but from General Evans's great and indefatigable exertions and entreaties during the two months that we were in garrison there, it was placed in a very creditable state of defence. Little thanks are, however, due to the inhabitants or the public authorities, from whom scarcely a dollar could be wrung to cover the expense of fortifying the "Bandira height," or signal-post, which entirely commands the town, and enfilades the river towards Portugalette, and indeed, under all circumstances, was an admirable position on which to erect a work to defend any approach to the town; this formidable position was nevertheless given up most disgracefully on the first Carlist shot being fired, without the slightest attempt to hold it. El Moro also, another position on the inland side of Bilbao, which commands the "Puente Nuovo," or bridge that crosses the river leading to the Durango and Orduna roads, and various other works, which, by dint of threats and entreaties, accompanied in a great measure by British aid, and owing entirely to the suggestion of General Evans, were at last completed. Thus the homes and properties of those who had frequently been in such imminent danger, were, if common energy had been displayed in their defence, made far more tenable

than they had been from the commencement of the war.

On landing at Bilbao from the *Mazeppa*, a small steamer, capable of reaching it at high-water, and in which General Evans, Count Alava, and their staff, had embarked at Portugalette, we were received by Count Mirasole, then governor of the city, as also by Generals Espartero and Espeleta, and by them conducted to the house of Don John Uhagon, who at that period was one of the deputies of the province of Biscay, but has since resigned, and is now residing at Bayonne, for what reason I am unable to state. I had frequent opportunities of meeting with the above named generals during my stay at Bilbao, and subsequently became far better acquainted with them; and as their names, particularly that of Espartero, have become so familiar to the public, I shall endeavour to give a brief account of their characters and persons.

The Conde de Mirasole is married to a lady of Scotch birth and family: he is exceedingly diminutive in person, so much so, that during an engagement in the early part of the war, having fallen into the hands of the Carlists, by stripping himself of his general's coat, which by the bye is exceedingly plain in the Spanish army, having no ornament but embroidery on the cuffs

and collars, and declaring himself a drummer, he was enabled to make his escape and save his life; otherwise, Lord Elliot's convention not then being in force, he would undoubtedly have been shot. He has frequently amused me with the relation of this fact. In manners he has the courtesy of a perfect gentleman, and, in my humble opinion, he is one of the few generals whom I believe to be perfectly sincere in his wishes and endeavours for the cause which he has espoused. The safety and defence of Bilbao during the first siege was entirely owing to his bravery and exertions; and I have heard him spoken of throughout the Spanish army as a gallant officer and good general, although wanting confidence in his own powers. He has resigned or been removed to some other post since the period I allude to, and is now seldom mentioned, for what reason I dare not pretend to assign, as intrigue, jealousy, and constant manœuvring are such prominent qualities in Spain, that the good and the bad have an equal share.

Of Espartero, now Count Luchana, a grandee of Spain, and Knight Commander of all the orders in the gift of her Majesty Isabella, commander-in-chief of the army of the North to boot, I am better able to give an opinion, as I have had more frequent opportunities of judging of

his character, and, at the same time, to thank him for much kindness, hospitality, and consideration, during a long march that I accompanied him as a guest from Bilbao, on a mission to the head-quarters of Cordova, then at Miranda del Ebro, by the valley of La Mina. In person he is about the middle height, and thin, his complexion and hair being remarkably dark, his black mustachios, added to the peculiar brilliancy of his small eyes, giving him at times an air of ferocity inconsistent with his natural character, which is mild and pleasing; when he smiles he has an agreeable and an intelligent countenance. In the field, and I have had several occasions of judging, no man can display more activity and personal courage; but when sound judgment and foresight are required, Espartero is not the man, and of this he is not unconscious. I should say he was infinitely more adapted dashingly to command a division of cavalry than an army; the latter of the two is now his post; future events will be the best proof of his capabilities on that head, as yet, he has scarcely been sufficiently tried. To his soldiers he is kind to a degree, ever thinking of their wants in preference to his own, and standing at nothing to obtain them,—thus he is with them a favourite. As a drawback to these good qualities, he pos-

sesses rashness, with a deficiency in military tactics,—a want of general education,—an inordinate love of play, a degree of coldness of heart, which enables him to look upon butchery as a pastime, and you have the picture of Count Luchana, the Christino General, who formerly distinguished himself in America.

With Espeleta, I am not so well acquainted as with either Espartero or Mirasole, although I have frequently been in his company. He then commanded the army of reserve, and is brother-in-law of Count Almodavar, the minister of war. This I should conceive was the only reason for his having held such a high command, as he most decidedly was far from being a fit person, and, as far as the Christino hopes of success are concerned, he is much better in France, where he has lately resided, than in the command even of a thousand men. His manners are quiet and gentlemanly, although totally unmilitary (if I may use such an expression), and in vain have I sought his warlike capacities. During the period of my being in Spain, they were generally shewn by his being a day too late for any necessary operation; or, on the other hand, rather too soon; thus falling into the clutches of the enemy, against whom in the field, he has seldom met with success. Napoleon, in one of those flashes of mind which so

often threw vividness over subjects perplexing to all others, pronounced, that the highest quality which can distinguish a general, is foresight; Espeleta is decidedly not gifted with much. "Courage, activity, and knowledge of the heart," said he, "however important, are all-important in a less degree;" and to this hour how well is remembered his reply, when urged by his generals to advance before he had well formed his plans; a reply, which in so few words contains so much intelligence, so much actual meaning,—"*Je ne vois pas clair sur mon echequeir;*" thus fully showing how well he balanced his plans, until they were fixed and duly chosen, as they were the means of enabling him to undertake his various operations with success. Poor Espeleta seldom saw his way clearly either in advancing or retreating, and was consequently unsuccessful. In person, he is tall and slender, his countenance far from expressing any degree of talent or animation, with a very fair complexion for a Spaniard. In age he is about fifty.

Very shortly after our arrival at Bilbao, the whole of the Spanish force was drawn out on the Alameda, or public walk, under the respective commands of the above generals, as a compliment, and for the inspection of General Evans; and in truth, as far as regarded the men, had

Elva or Cortez risen from the dead, they might still have exclaimed with feelings of pride, that some of the finest troops in Europe stood before them. I have since had frequent opportunities of judging of their good qualities in the field, and happily discovered that their appearance by no no means overbalanced their actions. They are hardy, active, but generally speaking, small, at the same time, capable of bearing immense fatigue, and marching astonishing distances without halting, and enduring more than common privations, without the slightest murmuring or appearance of discontent. Their clothing is of a serviceable nature, consisting of a long grey great coat, over which are thrown the cross belts and haversack, but no knapsack, a simple chaco, on which is marked the number of their regiment. On the line of march I have at many periods been delighted with their evenness of temper and endurance; during all weathers, and under the most distressing circumstances, singing and smoking their cigarillos, probably after a fast of more than twelve hours. I speak now of the infantry of the line and of the battalions of the guards, which differ in no respect, except that the men are rather taller.

The cavalry, particularly the light regiments, are also good, and their horses, although small

and short, are powerful and hardy, keeping their condition with little care. Notwithstanding straw and barley being the only forage issued to the troops in the North of Spain, they are capable of undergoing much fatigue, and performing long marches on the worst of mountain roads. The men of the cavalry regiments are generally speaking finer than those of the infantry, and admirably drilled to their duty of out-posts, videttes, and flankers; a duty so much required and so necessary in the species of warfare they have to encounter.

With regard to officers both of the infantry, cavalry, and guards, generally speaking, they can claim little praise either for their qualifications or for the active performance of the duties required of them; their promotion is carried on entirely by favour, and in many cases is most outrageously abused; those of the guards enjoying much the same unaccountable privilege of rank as our own; and with the exception of being called upon under peculiar circumstances to take the field, they do duty only at Madrid. The whole of the officers, however, of the army, or at least the majority, are chosen from a class of persons without education or any sort of military knowledge, with the exception of those from the military college, who are obliged to

prove their claim to nobility, an easy matter in Spain, and who obtain commissions only in the artillery and engineers. Amongst those I have seen, they certainly appeared to me to want that spirit, and enthusiasm, and energy, as regards the welfare of their country and their regiments, so truly necessary to urge them to great undertakings, or to lead them to hope for a favourable termination of hostilities. The coffee-house, the gambling-house, and a cigar, in most cases is the summit of their ambition. In saying thus much, I by no means wish to be uncharitable or ungenerous to those from whom I received much courtesy, and I am far from asserting that much individual bravery does not exist, and even chivalrous demeanour, particularly amongst the cavalry officers, some anecdotes of whom I shall have pleasure in mentioning; but I must now

> Mark the battle field with hideous awe,
> Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!

and in so saying, I feel a pride of heart in frankly confessing that when it fell to my lot to be thus situated, my feelings were those of professional enthusiasm, blended with abundant commiseration for those who fell in the cause, who, whatever may be their opinions as to its

justice, must equally be lamented by all parties, and the glory and love of their own splendid and peaceful England will sink deeper and deeper into their hearts.

On the morning of the 11th of September, the army of reserve and Espartero's division, the whole under the command of Espeleta, who was then senior general, marched at an early hour from Bilbao, by the Puente Nuevo, or bridge, which crosses the Ybaizabel, on the inland side of Bilbao, and joins the road leading both to Orduna and Durango, with the intention of forcing a passage in that direction, in order to form a junction with Cordova, the commander-in-chief, whose head-quarters were then at Miranda del Ebro.

At nine o'clock the same morning, I went, as was the custom, to breakfast at the table of my general, when, conceive my astonishment, at hearing, that an orderly had just arrived from the army, to inform us that the troops who had that morning left Bilbao, had fallen in with the Carlist advance guards not a league from the town, and having driven them back as far as the village of Arrigoriaga, were then hotly engaged with the main body of Don Carlos's army, about eight English miles from Bilbao. Arrigoriaga is situated on the left bank of the river Ybaizabel,

the principal part of the village being close to the high road to Orduna; a few houses, are however, scattered on the opposite bank. The river is in no part fordable, but passable by a small and narrow bridge; the country on each side being mountainous, densely wooded, and sloping to the water's edge, particularly on the right bank of the river occupied by the enemy.

It is scarcely to be credited that these two commanders should have been more than a week within a league of the Carlist advanced posts, and yet were ignorant of the fact of their not having left their positions, and thus after declaring their intention of joining Cordova without firing a shot, end by falling into the jaws of the enemy, who were ready and waiting to receive them. Treachery, ignorance, or want of proper exertions and foresight on their parts to gain a knowledge of the enemy's movements, could alone have produced so fatal a result. On receiving this unpleasant and most unexpected intelligence, Evans immediately ordered the whole of the garrison under arms, and with two battalions of the British Auxiliaries and part of the garrison commanded by Count Mirasole, he marched to Espeleta's support. On arriving at Arrigoriaga, we found the Christinos warmly engaged with the enemy, who occupied

a very extended line of formidable positions on the right bank of the river, their guerillas being much protected by the thick wood which in many places grew close to the river's banks. They had also possession of several scattered houses at the head of the bridge, and these were filled with troops who, from the windows and broken loop-holes, were pouring in a murderous fire upon the Christinos. Espartero and Espeleta had placed themselves on an eminence which commanded the entire view of both armies, surrounded by their staffs, but not out of the range of the enemy, as several officers were wounded at this spot. The Christinos occupied the left bank of the river, along the side of which they had thrown out their tirailleurs; the ground, however, was more open than that of the opposite side, and they were consequently far more exposed to the galling fire of their adversaries. As they had taken possession of a great portion of the village, the houses were filled with troops who, thus protected, must have considerably annoyed the Carlists.

The Christinos had undoubtedly succeeded in driving their enemy from the immediate neighbourhood of the ill-fated Bilbao, but had they attempted to cross the river, which could only have been done at the bridge, their loss would have

been tremendous and the carnage useless. They probably might have effected it, as Evans repeatedly and gallantly offered to lead his forces to attack it, but had they done so what would have been the result; they would, on the other side, have found themselves encompassed in a ravine, through which the high road on the opposite side of the river passes: they would then have immediately been surrounded by the Carlists, and probably cut to pieces. A retreat was therefore decided upon, and had it been properly carried into effect, under all circumstances it was certainly the most advisable plan. Such however was not the case. The English regiments and the garrison of Bilbao were ordered to retire by the high road by which they had advanced, whereas the troops engaged retreated by a more direct and mountainous line of country, which rejoined the high road at the Puente Nuevo, by which bridge it was necessary to pass to enter the town in that direction.

The consequence of this movement was such as led to the most disastrous result. The garrison and auxiliaries had arrived at Bilbao before the advanced guard of the retiring army had reached the bridge. No reserve had been placed there to protect the retreat of the troops, although the positions are admirably calculated for such a pur-

pose, for which Count Mirasole, who commanded the garrison, has been much blamed, whether justly or not, I will not pretend to say, as I am not aware that any orders to that effect were given, yet I conclude they must have been; otherwise so great an oversight on the part of Espeleta ought instantly to have removed him from his command, as he well knew the nature of the country by which he was making a retrograde movement. The consequences that followed may be easily conceived, they are told in a few words. The Carlists, who had immediately passed the bridge of Arrigoriaga on the commencement of the retreat, followed the Christinos with much energy and courage, and incredible rapidity; the Christinos in consequence became hurried, and rushed in numbers, without order or discipline, down the mountain sides to the head of the Puente Nuevo, which instantly became so crowded, that one scene of confusion and slaughter ensued. Evans had returned to the field of action after entering Bilbao with his division, for such were his orders, when, to his astonishment and disgust, he discovered that the Carlists had already possessed themselves of the head of the bridge; he therefore instantly sent back for the 3d and 6th regiments of the legion.

I was the bearer of one of these orders myself, and unto this day I am ignorant why I was delayed nearly half an hour in returning to the side of my general, although well mounted, from the actual press of Spanish troops, who appeared to me perfectly fresh, and yet were returning from the field of slaughter of their countrymen and comrades, whilst the English were ordered back to protect their too precipitate retreat.

On the arrival of the 3d auxiliary regiment, two companies were ordered to advance and clear the bridge. Espartero, who had in the meantime gallantly charged at the head of a few lancers of the royal guard, succeeded in some measure in checking the impetuosity of the Carlists, but in doing so, he received a musket shot in his left arm; and the English arriving at the same time on the scene of action, he was with difficulty persuaded to retire, and it was not until he saw the bridge entirely cleared from the enemy that he left the field. In this affair, the small forces of the legion that were engaged behaved with much spirit, and it was not until repeated orders were delivered, that the men could be persuaded to retire. On this occasion, when riding towards the bridge, I distinctly observed the Carlists secure several Christinos by their clothes, and throw them over the para-

pets into the river beneath, where, if not mutilated or killed by the fall, they endeavoured to save themselves by swimming across; as a proof of which, more than five-and-twenty bodies were taken out the following day. It was also during this affair that I witnessed, for the first time, the system of stripping and robbing a man the instant he fell—so ably practised by both parties.

In this unfortunate action the Queen's forces could not have lost less than seven hundred men, killed and wounded, besides several of their best officers, including Espartero. The Carlists must also have suffered severely; yet I do not think their loss exceeded that of the Christinos.

Thus ended the 11th of September:—a day certainly not favourable to the cause of Isabella—a day on which not a shot ought to have been fired in anger. Had the Christino generals had the common foresight and precaution necessary in war, *viz.*, that of finding out, or at least, endeavouring to find out, their enemy's position and force; had they taken the slightest trouble to do this, they would without difficulty have ascertained that the Carlists occupied a most formidable and mountainous line of country, immediately intercepting their route, having the power of retreating to heights which command a pass through which their enemy must

have marched, and through which they had not a chance of gaining a passage without the loss of half their forces, even had the Carlists been in far less numbers, instead of their superiors. The Carlists on this day were commanded by Eguia. Ituralde, Villareal, and two other Carlist chiefs of note were also present; and I have been informed that Don Carlos in person witnessed the greater part of the action. All the Navarrese battalions, who are by far his best and bravest, were also present.

CHAPTER IV.

Traveller! our bones are bleaching on the ground,
And yet unburied. Pity not our doom!
Ours is a grave of glory, shrouded round
In virtue; and the vault of heaven our tomb!

On the morning after this unfortunate affair, I rode to El Moro, a height I have already described, which overlooks the bridge, and from which you have an extensive and beautiful view of the surrounding country. The Carlist outposts were still in occupation of the head of the bridge on the opposite side of the river, and several of their battalions were bivouacked on the mountain slopes above it. A scene here presented itself, which, at the time, greatly shocked and disgusted me, and has since been painfully engraven on my memory; several naked bodies of those who had been killed the day previous, were lying exposed immediately under one of their bivouack fires, the soldiers at the same time pointing at them, and in no measured language, heaping abusive language on the cold

clay corpses of their countrymen, though foes. I was still more hurt, and I must say surprised, when I at the same time observed the officer who had the command of the picquet at the bridge, quietly seated on the parapet smoking his cigar, with a dead, and I should conceive almost putrid, mangled and naked corpse within five yards of him, as unconcerned, and to all appearance as undisturbed in mind, as if had he been seated in a café at Tolosa or Madrid. I turned from such a scene with feelings of deep regret, that so fine a race of men should thus disgrace themselves, by actions so unworthy their feats of arms, and so totally inconsistent with the feelings of men and christians. The enemy remained in these positions several days, and then marched in the direction of Onâte, one of the favoured spots of Don Carlos's mountain court; so chosen, I imagine, from its being surrounded by mountains almost inaccessible, whilst several battalions continued their route to Navarre.

Unavailing regrets for the frustrated plans of the 11th of September, began to cease, and Espeleta's division again marched on the 18th Espartero being under the necessity of remaining at Bilbao on account of his severe wound. At this period, the troops took the road of Somorostro and Valmeseda, through the valley of La Mina to

Modina de Poma, and crossing the Ebro near Villacajo, joined the head-quarters of General Cordova, the commander-in-chief near Ona, from whence Espeleta moved to Miranda del Ebro. From this date until the middle of October, we received little news of importance relative to the movements of the enemy, and some short time was therefore allowed for drilling the auxiliary troops, as also for completing the works in the neighbourhood of Bilbao, which had already made considerable progress. The strength of the Legion then quartered in the city and the immediate neighbourhood, consisted of about 4,500 bayonets; the cavalry, which had only recently arrived from England, being quartered at Santander. The troops were more than once brought together for the Lieutenant-general's inspection, and all parties felt satisfied with the soldier-like appearance of the men, and the great improvement they had made, both as regarded their movements and discipline, considering the very short period and the circumstances under which they were embodied. Had they at that period (and during the severe winter of 1836) been left to garrison the towns of Bilbao, St. Sebastian, and Santander, and had Evans then been allowed an independent command of the Cantabrian coast, instead of his inefficient little army being

hurried away to undertake a long, harassing march over bad and mountainous roads at the very commencement of the inclement season, with troops totally unaccustomed to fatigue, and in a great measure to the use of their fire-arms, to which may be added a great want of proper supplies in the commissariat department, their services, in all probability, would have been such as to have called forth the satisfaction of all parties interested in the Christino cause; and neither Valmeseda nor Pleutia would have fallen as they did, almost without an effort, into the hands of the Carlists.

Of these towns I shall, however, have occasion more fully to speak hereafter, as also of the attack on St. Sebastian, which place was subsequently relieved by the speedy and praiseworthy exertions of Colonel Arbuthnot, with three hundred men, who arrived from Santander in time to prevent the entry of the Carlists into the town, which was on the point of being taken or treacherously given up, through the dastardly cowardice of the garrison and the inhabitants; notwithstanding its being one of the strongest fortified positions in the world, as the British army have the glory to recollect.

When I state, however, that on Colonel Arbuthnot's arrival (who, by the bye, is a captain

in his Majesty's navy,) he found not a single piece of artillery in a fit state for service, although more than a year had elapsed since the commencement of the war. I have some reason for concluding that to the conduct of this amiable officer, and those under his command, may be traced the means of this most important place being saved from the disgrace of falling into the hands of the enemy; and, in addition to my opinion, I insert in the Appendix,* the correspondence sent to the commander of the forces by the authorities of the town.

On the 19th of October, Espartero having sufficiently recovered from his wound, and being most anxious to join his division, which was then with Cordova, he left Bilbao with six battalions of infantry and one squadron of hussars, being part of the garrison under the command of Count Mirasole. On this occasion it was my good fortune, with an amiable friend, another aide-de-camp of General Evans, to bid adieu to that city, to which I have never since returned.

Yea, a long adieu!
Who may forget how well thy walls have stood?
When all were changing thou wert true,
First to be free, and last to be subdued.

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* These letters will be found in the Appendix, No. 1.

I had fortunately been chosen to accompany Espartero in this most interesting movement, which we accomplished in four days, without falling in with any part of the enemy. Having marched by Somorostro to Burcido; from thence to Valmeseda and Modina de Poma, shortly after which, crossing the Ebro at Frias, we proceeded on the right bank of this river until we reached Miranda del Ebro. I was much disappointed with this river, which I had been led to imagine, although so far from its source, was a second Thames: instead of which, in many places, even as far as Saragossa, I found a fordable stream, and in most places an inconsiderable river. Even at Miranda del Ebro, where it is crossed by a bridge of six arches, it is most insignificant in point of depth.

Here I was first gratified by the sight of the Christino army of operations, termed the Army of the North, and its commander-in-chief, General Cordova, whom we there found with five-and-twenty battalions of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, namely, the Lancers of the Royal Guard, and a beautiful regiment of Hussars, who being dressed in light yellow with pelisses, are jokingly named the "yellow-hammers." On my arrival, I was almost immediately introduced to the young chief by his bro-

ther, Colonel Ferdinand Cordova, whom I had previously met both at St. Sebastian and Bilbao. He received me with much kindness and courtesy, and with manners both polished and aristocratic. I was much struck with his youthful appearance, to which his very slight figure considerably adds. In stature he is about five feet nine; in age about three and thirty, and remarkably thin; his conversation embraces all the spirit and liveliness of talent, without any of the soundness and decision of positive good sense. His countenance is at all times marked, but neither open nor handsome; there is an unusual expression about his eyes when irritated by passion, and he frequently gives way to violent bursts of rage, which is strikingly disagreeable.

Had his heart on all occasions been guided by sincere and liberal feelings, he might well have served his unhappy country; and to do him justice, he did much at the commencement of the war, for the cause of those for whom he drew his sword. With this general I remained more than two months, and I have to thank him for much hospitality and attention, as I was daily, when circumstances permitted it, a guest at his table. I have also to feel grateful for more than one proof of his consideration; in the first in-

stance, in noticing my conduct to the Spanish Government, in his despatches relative to the actions of the 27th and 28th of October 1835, at Salvatierra, and the castle of Guevara, for which the honour of knighthood of the military order of Saint Ferdinand was conferred upon me; as also for approving of my conduct towards my own general during my absence from the Legion. I trust I served him faithfully; at least, I endeavoured so to do.

Cordova's conduct has been much canvassed, and by many, he has not only been thought not to have acted in a firm and decided manner, thus losing many opportunities of benefiting his country, but he has also been termed a traitor. Thus ungenerously of him, I do not, I cannot think; although there was, undoubtedly, particularly in the latter part of his command, much reason to find fault with many of his military operations and personal actions, especially as regards the power with which he was invested; for he certainly was formerly known to be a staunch royalist. By those, however, who are acquainted with his early history, I am informed, that the change in his political opinions took place at a period of his life when any decided judgment as regards public affairs could scarcely have been expected. Be it as it may, such little

acts of apostacy are not regarded in Spain with the just resentment they ought to be.

I shall now endeavour to explain what I conceive was the real fact of Cordova's recent flight, and abandonment of the command of the army, of which he was the chief. That, individually, he was as great an enemy to Don Carlos as a friend of Christina, and on this appears to have rested his wavering conduct at last. He felt certain, that some great measure was about to take place, which would strike the hearts of his countrymen, and shake the power of the Queen's Government, if not endanger her person. He was, I feel satisfied, in a great measure prepared for the declaration of the Constitution, and his unfortunate vanity and ostentation led him to conceive, that he had so strongly gained the affections of the army, that *coute qui coute*, he could watch and keep for a period, the Carlists hemmed in the provinces and Navarre, at the same time succour his royal mistress from the threats and insults of the Constitutionalists. Recent events have, however, proved the fallacy of such hopes, and his total want of foresight and discretion. Gomez slips through his hands, and traversing safely the province of Santander, gains the Asturias mountains. Christina, on the other

hand, is insulted in her own palace by the very men who had recently been fighting, under Cordova's command, against the Carlists: and the young, the brave, the favourite chief of the Royal mother flies, not from his enemies, but the assassin knives of his own followers.

Cordova is now in France, and, notwithstanding his misfortunes, he possesses many qualities for a soldier, particularly as a general of a division, for which, I should say, his military abilities qualify him far better than as the chief of an army. In the field of action (and I have had frequent occasions of observing him), he is brave, even to rashness. Although surrounded with numerous and overwhelming difficulties, most of which may be traced to the lack of finances and want of energy in the Government, he did much to infuse that spirit of enthusiasm amongst the troops which they certainly possessed at the period of my first seeing them. Many tales are told of his private and diplomatic character;—with these it is not for me to interfere; with his conduct towards General Evans and the British auxiliary force I most decidedly did not feel satisfied. He was met candidly and openly by that general, and with feelings far too generous and confiding. Had he acted up to his numerous professions of friendship and admira-

tion for English officers and soldiers, and cared for their necessities and comforts, he would have gained a most faithful ally, instead of having spread a feeling of dislike and distrust towards him. Be it as it may, he is far from being a fit person to lead the Christino army, and would be of infinitely greater service to his country in a diplomatic situation, to which he has been much accustomed, and to which his ambitious hopes appear to tend. His health, which was bad, rendered him at times impatient, and even violent under suffering, and was least calculated to enable him to follow from day to day a guerilla warfare in such a country as the north of Spain, where, not to be exposed to all weathers, and at all hours, is to give your enemies the advantage.

Previous to bidding Cordova adieu, I must say one word as to his peculiar style of dress, which, though eccentric, was not inelegant, and certainly was sufficient to prove that vanity was a prominent feature in his character; he wore on most occasions a brown or olive-coloured surtout coat, actually made by Stulz; a general's sash being fastened round his waist, and an English staff sword, given him by Count Alava; light grey trousers with gold stripes, and silver hunting spurs; his head being covered with a

blue forage cap or a small cocked hat. Over his coat, in cold weather, was a zamara, and his legs were encased in long gaiters; the cigar always occupying his mouth, as it does that of every Spaniard, and at all hours.

CHAPTER V.

By heaven! it is a splendid sight to see,
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there,)
Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air.
* * * *
The grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

On our arrival at Miranda we found the commander-in-chief at breakfast,—by no means an unseasonable or unpleasant period for those who had ridden hard several leagues, and fasted since day-break; during, therefore, a most successful attack that I was making on the cutlets, coffee, and other good things offered to my notice, he informed me, it was his intention to move in a few hours, with the whole of his army, towards La Puebla, a small town on the high road to Vittoria, then in a temporary state of

fortification, and lightly garrisoned by the Christinos, at a distance of about three leagues from Miranda; the Carlists having, a few days previously, blown up a bridge across the river Zadora at Arminion, which runs by the high road to La Puebla and Vittoria. For many days the Carlists infested and cut off all supplies from the latter place. I therefore quickly despatched the good cheer before me, and hastened in search of my servant, in order to obtain a fresh horse, that I might be fully prepared for a long day, as the Carlist army were supposed to occupy the heights of Arganzon; so celebrated as having been part of the position taken up by the British army on the ever-to-be-remembered morning of the battle of Vittoria, La Puebla being the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington the night previous to the action. With beating heart, and overwhelming recollections of the most renowned army in the world, whose gallant feats of arms had left traces of glory over the very ground I was about to tread, I awaited the bugle to march.

Espartero's division having already performed a distance of three leagues that morning, two hours were allowed to refresh the men, during which time the small town of Miranda del Ebro, so called from its being built on each bank of the river and

joined by a bridge, was literally crammed; the arrival of these fresh troops had augmented Cordova's forces to thirty-one battalions, besides cavalry and artillery. With this army we marched to La Puebla, at which place and the neighbouring villages we halted for the night. No signs of the enemy appeared during the afternoon; Cordova, nevertheless, expressed his hope of coming up with and attacking them the following morning. Although far from being fond of the battle-field, and with many painful and contending reflections as to the miserable state of the war, still I felt much excitement from the anticipation of seeing these fine troops engaged on the morrow. My expectations were, however, on this occasion fated to be frustrated, as, on rising at day-break, we were informed by the spies and videttes that the enemy had left their positions, and were retiring in the direction of Salvatierra, passing almost under the walls of Vittoria. I have since been told, that the occasion of such movements was caused by a dispute that had arisen between the Carlist generals in command, Ituralde and Merino wishing to await the Christino attack, whereas Villareal and Eguia were of a different opinion. This intelligence materially altered Cordova's previous intentions, and we

proceeded on our route to Vittoria, a distance of three leagues, without firing a shot.

Our march this day was to me one of deep interest and enthusiasm. Could it be otherwise? Every spot of ground pointed out to me had been trodden by the Peninsular army in my earliest childhood; still brightly fresh in the memory of many of those then riding by my side, for here the British troops had overthrown the Imperial forces, annihilating the hopes of King Joseph, and laid the foundation of peace throughout Europe. That plain, formed in Nature's beauty, watered by many streams, and surrounded by high and rocky sierras, which ought to be the scene of plenty and abundance, is now overrun with the devastating hand of accursed civil war. On reaching the village of Nancares, about half distance between Vittoria and La Puebla, we fell in with a party of the Christino troops, commanded by the curé Andrea, who were drawn out in order to cover our advance in case of need. Numerous curious anecdotes are related of the curé, who was formerly a most sanctified member of the priesthood; yet, on the commencement of the civil war, he relinquished, like many of his brother devotees, the priest's cowl for the zamara, or sheepskin jacket, and the sword-

belt. It is currently reported that his services were first offered to Don Carlos, on condition of his having the rank of captain in the Carlist army; which proposal being refused, he forthwith determined to follow the Christino arms, and has since strenuously exerted himself in their cause. With a perfect knowledge of every spot of ground in the neighbourhood of Vittoria, and indeed throughout the whole province of Alava, he is enabled, having a small force under his command, to cut off many of the enemy's "partidas," or reconnoitring parties and outposts. He is also a most useful person in gaining intelligence of the Carlist movements, being well known and greatly feared by the country people, as well for his bravery as from his extraordinary perseverance, forbearance, and coolness under the most imminent dangers and difficulties.

The Army of the North entered the city of Vittoria on the 24th of October, and remained in quarters there until the 27th; I had therefore sufficient time to visit every thing worthy of notice, and disagreeably were my anticipations deceived. Being naturally much interested in a place so noted and so marked in military annals, added to its being the capital of Alava, one of the richest of the provinces, my expectations had been formed on far too high a scale. Situ-

ated on a flat in the centre of a vast and well-cultivated plain, watered by the river Zadora, which passes round the city, and is in many places a mere shallow trout stream, being alone remarkable from its being crossed, within the distance of a league, by many small stone bridges; with regard to breadth, it is quite a brook.

The cathedral of Vittoria is rather fine, as also the place, or square, in which is the Hôtel de Ville; the streets are long and narrow, with lofty houses, and being filled with troops, were suffocating and dirty; the Alameda, or public walk, which is to be found on the southern side, is tastefully laid out, and, in peaceful times, many a dark-eyed señorita might there be found, adding her charms to those which the hand of art has formed. Even at this period, though the sons of Mars were its principal occupants, a sprinkling of animated Spanish maids might still be found; yet they were not of the higher class of Spanish society, as those who possessed the means have long quitted these scenes of misery and despair: there are now seen only those actually obliged by circumstances, or such as love to look on warlike preparations,—

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
But formed for all th' enticing arts of love.

During our stay at Vittoria, Cordova anxiously questioned me as to the efficiency of the British auxiliaries, in case of their being ordered to move from Bilbao to that city. My answer was invariably, "I think the Legion perfectly capable of doing the garrison-duty of Bilbao, or any other town on the coast, which would enable you to relieve your own troops, who would at present be far more useful in the field than the British, who are certainly not as yet sufficiently expert in the use of their fire-arms, to fit them for the quick loading and firing so necessary in the species of warfare into which they would be called to act." Cordova at first appeared to coincide with these opinions; nevertheless he was evidently extremely anxious that the auxiliaries should be removed to Vittoria, which was to be the scene of their future operations. It being evident that he had already determined on this plan, I merely expressed myself fully convinced that he had only to forward a desire to that effect, and General Evans would spare neither pains nor exertions to enable the Legion to commence their march. The morning succeeding this conversation, Espartero and Count Mirasole, accompanied by my brother aide-de-camp, who had charge of some despatches to Evans, marched, with nine battalions of infantry and one squadron of

cavalry, on the road by Villareal and Ochandiano, to Durango and Bilbao; passing through the very heart of the Carlist provinces of Alava and Biscay, and performing the march in two days, without firing a shot or the loss of a man. By strengthening the garrison at that place, the British Legion might therefore be enabled to commence their movement on Vittoria by the same route.

This march must have been interesting; but it did not fall to my lot to see that part of the country until a short time afterwards, as I remained with the commander-in-chief, in order that I might have the advantage, by following the operations of the principal part of the Christino army, of gaining some knowledge of the actual state of the war, as also of the country and the language. In these hopes I was not deceived, and at the same time I feel many pleasant recollections of the courtesy I experienced from all the officers of Cordova's staff, who were principally young men of the first families in Spain, and were consequently far better educated than the generality of officers in the Spanish army. Amongst them, I remember, with much pleasure, the young Count Pomorostro, called by his associates Palco, and his amiable younger brother, both aides-de-camp to the

commander-in-chief. With much pain do I also recall to my mind Captain Santiago, of the Royal Guards, my friend and constant companion, who was also on the personal staff. His loss I had subsequently to regret, at the miserably sustained affair of Arlaban, during which action he was wounded by a musket-ball in the thigh, which, fracturing the bone, passed out near the knee; his death, however, I conceive to have been occasioned as much by neglect, and want of proper medical attendance, as from the nature of his wound, as I have since been informed by English surgeons that, had it been properly treated, it was by no means dangerous. To this young officer I was indebted for much kindness and attention, and I deeply felt the loss of one who died so young, and under such circumstances; he was one of the best and bravest of Cordova's staff.

CHAPTER VI.

La guerre est ma patrie,
Mon harnois ma maison,
Et, en toute saison,
Combattre c'est ma vie.

Early on the morning of the 27th, the army was again under arms, and, leaving the city of Vittoria by the north, marched towards Salvatierra, which place was then in the possession of the Carlists. Our force consisted of five and twenty battalions of infantry, amongst whom were two regiments of Royal Guards (exceedingly fine troops), four squadrons of cavalry and artillery, part of which consisted of small guns, carried on the backs of mules, and called mountain artillery, which latter is seldom made use of with any great effect. The previous day, Cordova had informed me of his intention to attack this position for the two following purposes:

first, in order to draw off the enemy's attention from Espartero, and endeavour to bring them to an engagement with his own troops, as they were reported to have taken up formidable ground in the neighbourhood of Salvatierra; and, secondly, to prevent their attacking the auxiliaries on their march from Bilbao. These plans were so far well concerted, that the enemy, without dividing their forces, could not engage both parties; and, had they attempted to molest Espartero, Cordova would have been enabled to have fallen on their rear, with every probability of a favourable result.

But such success, fortunate as it might have been for the Christinos, was frustrated by unforeseen and unexpected circumstances. The road from Vittoria to Salvatierra is broad and good, the distance being about four leagues, the first two of which pass through the villages of Ariaga and Matauco, which, since the period to which I now allude, were placed in a temporary state of defence by the Legion. The country is flat, but in many places woody, and intersected by numerous deep ditches and drains, which in many parts greatly impede the quick movements of cavalry. The ground, however, becomes far more open and hilly on the approach to Salvatierra, near which place the valley of the

Borunda commences. On the high-road, about half the distance from that town to Vittoria, is the inn, or venta, of Echavari, now a desolate and ruined house; about three quarters of a league to its right, the village of Allegria; and on the left of the road, at some distance, the castle of Guevara, an ancient and strongly-built château, which is situated on a formidable position, commanding entirely the whole of the valley below, the village of Guevara reposing at its base, by which the narrow river Zadora runs.

The army halted at this venta, or ruined inn, and had already kindled their hasty fire to cook the remnant of their last night's suppers, and to warm them; for the weather was cold, even at that time of the year, on the bleak Biscayan hills; when the cavalry videttes, returning at full gallop, reported the enemy in sight on the heights near the castle of Guevara. We instantly pocketed the remnants of our half-consumed collation; and, mounting our horses, rode quickly to an eminence, where, by the aid of our glasses, we discovered from twelve to fourteen Carlist battalions in sight, some of whom were evidently making a move to our right, in order to cut off or intercept our march on Salvatierra. In this, however, they fortunately did not succeed. Cor-

dova immediately detached a brigade towards that town, to turn their left flank, and another, under the command of Brigadier Orāa, to attack their right, and placing his reserve and artillery near the high-road, he advanced in person to command the centre, throwing out a line of tirailleurs to meet those of the enemy, who had already opened their fire, although at some distance.

I shall embrace this opportunity of mentioning, that Cordova was invariably attended by an escort of infantry called carbineros, and a small body of cavalry. The former are, generally speaking, some of the finest men I ever beheld, and the most enterprising: they are capable of supporting inconceivable fatigue, and at times may be seen literally running by the side of the mounted officers of the staff for leagues. Many of these individuals are Navarrese, and some have deserted from the Carlists, or, having been taken in action, are promoted to this, as they conceive it, post of honour, for good conduct and distinguished bravery. By these men, almost every action is commenced. They do not exceed fifty in number; but, on the approach of an enemy, they extend themselves into a line of guerillas, and frequently perform exploits that might rather grace the name of patriot, than render them revellers in their country's blood.

Frequently, after a long and harassing day's march which has been interrupted by the Douaneros or Peseteros of the Carlists, who are ever ready to take advantage of a thick wood or rocky eminence, from which they fire into the very centre of a column on the line of march, occasionally killing and wounding several men, then retiring by such ground as prevents the possibility of pursuit, or a chance of their capture, have I been delighted, after taking up my quarters for the night, with these men, who, parading the streets, sing their wild and beautiful Spanish airs, accompanied by the guitar, which is always carried by one of the party.

A ludicrous anecdote is even told of one whose turn it was to be the bearer of this precious load, who, during the heat of the action, having entirely forgotten that he had such a burden, and having been carried on too far by his valour, was found stretched on the field dreadfully wounded. On seeing the enemy advancing, and not being able to move, he cried out to his comrades, "Caramba,—if you cannot save me, save the guitar, which cost four dollars!" The cavalry escort are equally brave and hardy, and the very best videttes that can be imagined. Indeed, the whole of the Spanish cavalry are perfectly *au*

fait at this necessary duty in an enemy's country.

To return, however, from this digression; as I have already stated, the Carlists had opened their fire on the Christino advance, which the latter forthwith replied to with much vigour, pushing on at the same time towards the base of the position on which stands the ancient château; in order to pass the only small bridge which crosses the Zadora in that direction. For some time I remained with the commander-in-chief, on an eminence, from whence we could distinctly observe, from the country in that neighbourhood being open, the entire field of action. The enemy had a very extended line of skirmishers, but their chief object appeared to be that of keeping their position on Guevara, as they had already been prevented from cutting off our advance on Salvatierra by Brigadier Vigo's brigade, who had thrown their left flank into confusion. Orãa had also been successful in his attack on their right; upon seeing which, Cordova reinforced his centre, and, making a desperate effort, succeeded in passing the Zadora, and gaining a footing at the bottom of the position of Guevara, but not without considerable loss, as the struggle was well contested and

severe. This, however, at last being effected, the Christinos redoubled their efforts, and at length succeeded in taking possession of the enemy's strong-hold, who retired in confusion, and with much loss, to the valley on the opposite side, which is thickly wooded, and extends as far as Villa Real, where it is crossed by the high French road.

This latter attack was principally led on by the gallant Colonel Elio and Captain Guerrea. The former had his horse shot under him, the fourth during the year. He was a brave and distinguished officer, and is much regretted by the army at large, having since been barbarously murdered at Orduna. The latter is the son of the Captain General of Arragon, and is now attached to the personal staff of General Evans, where, from his very amiable manners, gallantry, and single mindedness, and his thorough knowledge of the English language, having been some years in England, he is much esteemed by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. On the latter part of the attack on the castle, I rode with others to the summit of the position in which it stood. The Carlists were then retiring in disorganized numbers down the hill, and had already formed several battalions in the thick woods, at the foot of the

mountain; their guerillas still keeping up a rapid, though almost harmless fire, on the leading Christinos, the music of whose balls, as they whistled over our heads, was far too near to be agreeable.

Having gained this advantage over the enemy, I naturally conceived that Cordova would have ordered a simultaneous advance. He pointed out, however, the impossibility of passing the Zadora, which encircles the base of the castle of Guevara, and crosses the valley in its rear, running by the villages of Azua, and Suaso di Gamboa, as at this point. There was only one small and narrow bridge, and the enemy had so covered themselves by the thick woods, near which it passed, that a dreadful destruction to the troops must have been the consequence, had they attempted to force their way in that direction: added to which, this appears not to have been his object, having fully determined on entering Salvatierra, where the enemy were supposed to have formed magazines of grain and clothing. To put this operation into effect, he ordered his troops gradually to retire from the positions they had conquered, and advance on the road to that town.

I had before seen the Carlists engage, and I well knew they were far too many to allow such

an opportunity of falling on our rear to escape them, and I consequently waited with intense feelings of emotion, the evacuation of the Christinos from the ground which they had gained on the heights of Guevara. My anticipations were unfortunately too well founded, for no sooner had we quitted the eminence, and scarcely had the last man crossed the Zadora, on the Salvatierra side, than I distinctly observed the leading tirailleurs of the Carlists take possession of all their former positions, which they had held on the early part of the day, bounding down the rocky mountain sides like wolves to their prey. They instantly opened a galling fire on the Christino's rear-guard.

I had on this occasion, perhaps unwisely, remained with the last of the retiring skirmishers, from a curiosity to observe the enemy's movements on our retreating; and, fearing a sudden attack might produce a panic, or great confusion among the Christinos, I gladly availed myself of the speed of an English nag, on which I had the good fortune to be mounted, to regain the staff by which Cordova was surrounded; as, had I been taken prisoner, instant death, I conceive, would have been my lot. Even where the chief had placed himself, so thickly did the bullets fly, that three of the horses on which his personal

staff were mounted, fell mortally wounded, and his own person was struck slightly by a ball, which was fortunately turned from any serious injury by the cloak through which it passed.

At this moment, the Christinos became much hurried, and I greatly feared a disorderly and disastrous retreat would have been the termination of an affair, which had at first been most successful to them. To do justice to Cordova, his prompt decision and presence of mind on this occasion saved his army from being cut to pieces; drawing his sword, and requesting the officers who were by his side to follow his example, he advanced to the head of his troops; who, regaining courage at his presence and chivalrous bearing, rushed, with cries of, "*Viva Isabella seconda, viva nostra Reyna!*" although in a disorderly manner, and bayonets fixed to the charge, and succeeded in driving back the advancing columns of the enemy. Cordova seized this favourable moment, and ordered a squadron of the lancers of the royal guard to charge, who, notwithstanding the nature of the ground, which was most unfavourable, did so with considerable success, killing and taking many prisoners, and for the time striking such terror into the Carlists, who have much dread of cavalry, that the army were enabled to

continue their march to Salvatierra, not, however, unmolested. The cavalry lost a number of men and horses, and the infantry, harassed, fatigued, and depressed, entered the town at the termination of this affair, the result of which, although of no actual importance, as far as regarded the state of the war, was, nevertheless, claimed by both parties.

Having been more than twelve hours on horseback, and totally overcome by the excitement, and, I may add, painful scenes in which I had in a manner been an actor during this day, I was too glad to take possession of the first bed that fell to my lot;—a comfort as difficult to procure, as was a supper;—which, however, thanks to the courtesy of a Spanish aide-de-camp, I was welcomed to, about one in the morning, when, such as it was, having fasted sixteen hours, it proved most acceptable. Of Salvatierra, our location for the night, I have little to detail that is interesting. It is a small town, situated at the northern extremity of the valley in which the morning scenes of blood had been acted, and is at the mouth of that of the Borunda. During the command of Valdez, it was in the possession of, and temporarily fortified by, the Christinos, but was deserted or given up by that general, who unfortunately conceived it not to be an advisable

position to retain at much sacrifice. In this opinion he appears, undoubtedly, to have been incorrect, as there has since been every reason to regret it. The fortifications, which were never of any strength, were destroyed by order of Don Carlos; and the town is now the property of either party, as the fate of war may from time to time decide.

On the night of our entering, we found it entirely deserted, with the exception of the few whose age or other physical infirmities had prevented flying from the approach of their countrymen. Alas! how desolate is the feeling, when witnessing such striking proofs of the horrors of civil war—not a young man was to be seen; and such I found afterwards proved to be the case throughout every village and town in the Basque provinces and Navarre, not permanently garrisoned by the queen's troops. On the approach of the Christinos, not only the men leave their homes, but also the greatest part of the women, taking with them as much of their property and the necessaries of life as circumstances will permit, and they can possibly remove; at the same time, burying or hiding every article of value, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. In many villages I have found the greatest diffi-

culty in obtaining a loaf of bread, whatever has been the price offered; so determined are the inhabitants, in every manner, to serve the cause for which they have taken up arms. Although many people still conceive that the removal or death of Don Carlos would terminate the war, far, however, am I, in all humility, from believing such would be the case; and I am perfectly satisfied that neither the individual rights of Isabella nor Don Carlos are the motives which induce the body of the people to carry on, with such persevering and undaunted vigour and barbarity, the contest which at present overwhelms one of Nature's most gifted lands with carnage, fratricide, and widows' tears.

CHAPTER VII.

Perdieran hijos, Padres
Y casados las casadas:
Las cosas que mas amara
Perdio l'un y el otro fama.

STRANGE is the fate of war! A Carlist commander had occupied the couch, only the night previous to that on which I lay in feverish endeavours to bury in sleep's oblivion all that had passed in the previous twenty-four hours. On that and the preceding days, I had frequent opportunities of closely observing the various troops of Don Carlos's army. Their dress, which I shall here describe, is particularly adapted to the style of warfare in which they are engaged; and although the contrary is the general opinion,—and individually I was at first led to believe such to be the case,—they are, nevertheless, by no means badly clothed

or equipped, and in many cases far better than the Christinos. Their infantry generally wear a blue cloth cap, or bonnet, similar to that worn by Highlanders, flat, light, and convenient: these are curious from their being woven out of one piece;—they are all obtained from France. Their short jacket of brown or blue cloth, with red cuffs and collars, is far better adapted to the speed of their movements, than the long great coats generally worn by the Christinos. A leather belt encircles their waist, which is called a "canana," from having about thirty holes or receptacles for cartridges in front; which plan appears to me to be every way superior to that adopted by our troops, particularly for light infantry, when skirmishing.

The uniform of the Carlist cavalry, who are all lancers, does not materially differ from that of the infantry, with the exception of their bonnets being red instead of blue. I have, however, observed a squadron or two entirely dressed in red. The officers of Don Carlos's army also generally adopt the bonnet, adding a silver tassel to distinguish them from the men. The zamara, or sheep-skin jacket, is also much worn by the officers of both armies; and although it is a dangerous dress to be wounded in, it is, nevertheless, an admirable protection

from the keen winds of the mountain tops of Biscay and the treeless plains of Navarre.

The bugle for the troops to assemble awoke me, after a few hours refreshing sleep, on the morning of the 28th, and I once more prepared myself by hastening my toilet for another day of bloodshed and remorse. When dressed, I forthwith repaired to the quarters of the commander-in-chief, who then informed me, that the enemy occupied nearly the same positions as the day previous, although in far greater force, several battalions having joined them during the night; nevertheless, it was his intention to return to Vittoria by the same road we had advanced, and, if possible, without an engagement.

We marched from Salvatierra, about nine in the morning, and had not proceeded above a league on our return, when we discovered the enemy, who were formed on the slopes of the mountains near the Castello di Guevara, in masses of columns, having a squadron of cavalry on each flank, with a line of tirailleurs in their front, extending over a considerable space of ground, and were thus evidently waiting our approach, with a force of not less than twenty-five to thirty battalions. I have already mentioned that it was not Cordova's intention to enter into an engagement on this day, as besides

having many wounded from the action of the previous morning, whom he wished safely to convey to the hospital at Vittoria, he had also formed a design of moving by Villareal and Ochandiano, in order to protect the advance of the British auxiliaries by placing a force at the head of a rocky and dangerous pass in the neighbourhood of Durango, through which the high road runs. Such being the arrangement of his intended operations, he gave orders for the army to march, placing the wounded and artillery in the centre, taking, at the same time, the precaution of throwing out skirmishers on his right flank, which fronted the enemy, to prevent any movement being made on the main body who were advancing by the high road.

In this order we proceeded unmolested as far as Matauca (a village which I have already named, about two leagues from Vittoria), where the country becomes more wooded, and so intersected by drains and ditches as entirely to prevent the active movements of troops. Ever on the watch, the Carlists instantly took advantage of the nature of the ground, and covered by trees, banks, and rocks, they vigorously attacked the rear-guard as they retired from the more open country, and, notwithstanding repeated and successful charges of cavalry,

they did not cease their energetic means of molesting us until we arrived at the village of Arriaga, within a short league of the far-famed city. This movement was, nevertheless, performed in a most creditable manner by the Christinos, whose steadiness on that day I have never seen equalled: and I had then, as on the 27th, ample and sufficient practical proof of the courage, formidable strength, and extraordinary activity of those who have been so frequently underrated.

The gift of rhodomontade so admirably combined with truisms in the bulletins and despatches of Cordova and Eguia, I will not pretend to, and I should therefore say, that the loss of these two affairs of the 27th and 28th could not have been less than from six hundred to a thousand men to each army. The Carlists suffered far more severely on the first day than did their enemies, besides the loss of several prisoners, who were taken by a charge of cavalry, during the latter part of the action; General Villareal had a narrow escape from being murdered, having been concealed in one of the houses of the village of Guevara, through which the cavalry passed after having charged; at least, such was reported at the time as fact. It is an occurrence

somewhat singular, to which I must here take leave to allude, that on the very same days, namely, the 27th and 28th of October in the preceding year, and on nearly the same ground, the Carlists gained a most decided victory over the Christinos, and amongst the unfortunate and much lamented prisoners who fell into their hands were the gallant Colonel O'Donnel and his brother, who being taken on the field, were barbarously shot, Lord Eliot's treaty for the exchange of prisoners not having then been carried into effect.

CHAPTER VIII.

Awake ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess cries,
But wields not, as of old, her trusty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies.

We remained two days only at Vittoria, after this unhappy loss of life, which ended in no particular result to either party, that I was able to discover. The morning sun of the last day of October 1835, shone on the Christino columns once more on the line of march. We now advanced by the high French road towards Villareal, near which place we expected to fall in with the auxiliary forces under Evans, who were supposed to be marching by that route from Bilbao.

On our arrival at Villareal, we halted to refresh the men, and Cordova, not receiving any positive intelligence of their movements, deter-

mined on continuing his route to Ochandiano, two leagues farther towards Biscay, with the intention of occupying the formidable positions commanding the celebrated pass of Gorbea, through which the high road winds from Durango, as it was more than probable they would have taken up their quarters at the latter place for the night. The line of country from Villareal and Ochandiano, is densely wooded on each side of the "camino real" or high road; and had the Carlists had sufficient notice of our intended movement in this direction, no doubt we should have severely suffered for our temerity. Happily, however, we succeeded in reaching our destination without being molested by a single shot. But on our arrival, our disappointment was great, at finding that a peasant had brought intelligence, as unwelcome as unlooked for.

The legion had commenced their march, but circumstances, for which they were totally unprepared, added to the dreadful state of the weather, had obliged them to make a retrograde movement; and they had since proceeded to Portugalette, with the intention of marching by Castro on the coast. Cordova, and not without reason, was at first indignant at this unwelcome intelligence, and called all the saints to witness his unpleasant situation; for the rest I was not

a little dejected at such a *contre-temps* to my anticipations, being well aware that the moral effect of six thousand British bayonets appearing in the very centre of the disturbed provinces, would at that period, have been greatly favourable to the termination of so cruel a war, unparalleled in modern times, and equally to be lamented by all parties. I was, nevertheless, fully satisfied that General Evans had either received such information as to induce him wisely to alter his plans, or strict orders from the Government, (who were everlastingly and unreasonably interfering with their commanders), to march in some other direction, which latter proved to be the case.

In the first place, he had been assured by spies, who in no instance could be depended upon, that a considerable Carlist force had assembled on the heights and pass near the village of Arrigoriaga, with the determination of preventing his junction with the main army; and through this pass he must necessarily march in order to fulfil such an operation. This information, I conceived at the time to be incorrect, and purposely told for the object of altering his line of march, and I still hold the same opinion. Yet, had it been true, with young, and so recently embodied troops, perfectly unaccustomed to guerilla war-

fare, and still inexperienced in the use of their arms, combined with the fatigue of long marches, the result might have been most disastrous: added to which, he was strongly advised by Jaureguy or el Pastor, who was then under his command, and who was perfectly acquainted with the country and every road, to alter his first intention and march by the valley of La Mena. All these advices, correct and sound as they might have been under existing circumstances, would not have induced General Evans, I feel assured, to have swerved from his original determinations, had he felt them practicable, or that it was his duty to abide by them. As a proof of which fact, he had received positive orders from the minister of war, to march in the direction he eventually did; and although, it was much to be regretted that such orders were sent, the result proved that they were not unreasonable.

Many were the reports and anecdotes at that period, of the destruction and total rout of the English division on their retreat, as it was termed, all equally premeditated and untrue, as not a shot was fired nor a man lost until they reached the neighbourhood of Somorostro, which is quite in another direction; and then the dreadful destruction of the unfortunate auxiliaries consisted

in the death of one man of the rifles, and an officer's baggage horse, cut off by the peasants, who are always on the alert to murder and rob any misguided individual who may be rash enough to leave the column.

My quarters at Ochandiano were not such as may be termed comfortable or cleanly, two unmeaning words in Spain, but well-known in dear England. Yet did I pass the night right merrily; two of Cordova's aides-de-camp shared my lot, and notwithstanding the gentle intruders to our couches, whose bite was not the most sleepy antidote, we managed by the aid of cigars, grog, and cheerful conversation, to pass the time, until worn out with fatigue, we closed our eyes, and soundly slept away the disagreements attending an army in the field.

The thick and foggy atmosphere that welcomed us once more on our road to the capital of Alava, gave much protection to the Douaneros or Peseteros, who, hidden by the extent of thick wood in this part of the country, saluted our ears with the occasional whistling of a bullet; at no time agreeable, and certainly by no means a cure for an empty stomach, on a cold November morning. These gentlemen have fine sport, particularly in such weather, as, protected by a rock, bang goes their rifles at some

portly brigadier, or by chance into the centre of a column, and then off to the mountain tops, like a rabbit to their burrows. The gallant chief appeared dull enough, I should imagine only from the disappointment of not having the honour of commanding an Anglo-Spanish army into the city of Vittoria. At all events, he was not so agreeable as usual, and being the only Englishman present, I was necessitated to put up with his ill humour, added to the unceasing jokes of my Spanish comrades on the failure of our anticipated junction, all being most anxious to meet their British allies: in this wish they were doomed for a time to be disappointed.

The fog having cleared away during the morning, the sun shone brilliantly on the Christino army as they once more entered the proud city of Vittoria, on a Sabbath morning. All was gaiety and expectation, and hundreds had assembled, decked in their Sunday finery, in anxious hopes that their curiosity might be gratified with a sight of the red coats; would that I could give them credit for a kindlier feeling. Their hopes, however, for this time proved vain, and I regretted it the more, as they really had made some slight preparation for receiving

my comrades with due honour, whether by the orders of the commander-in-chief, or the municipal authorities, or at their own heart's desire, I will not pretend to say, and am therefore willing to allow the latter. Flags, however, were flying, and numerous female hands were ready to wave handkerchiefs which were doomed not to be waved on that day; yet could I for my part distinguish few of the brilliant eyes of fair donitas, so lauded in Spain, to greet our approach. All the best boxes of the theatre had also, I understood, been engaged for the officers of the Legion, and the actors consequently exhibited to an almost empty house. As, however, the expense was either paid by the city, or pillaged from the almost empty military chest, the non-arrival of the auxiliaries must have been an unexpected pleasure to these ill-paid and ill-treated artists.

We halted one night only, to partake of any of the festivities that had been prepared, even a species of pudding called *a budino a l'Englese*, which appeared at Cordova's table in honour of English taste, graced the board only as a specimen of our national cookery, and which being the most astonishing conglomeration of ingredients I ever beheld, was left untouched, as a

pattern for another attempt, when the Legion did arrive. The Carlists had moved the greater part of their forces to Navarre, therefore once more bidding adieu to our snug quarters, we marched by La Puebla to Miranda del Ebro, where the army again halted for several days.

Here we were joined by Colonel Wylde, the British commissioner, whose acquaintance I had formed at Bilbao some time previous, and whose arrival gave me infinite pleasure; his amiable, mild, and gentlemanlike manners, frank and soldierlike conduct on all occasions, most deservedly gained him the esteem of all parties; to his credit, it may be said no person could more devotedly have exerted himself for his neglected countrymen, as well as for the Government of the nation by whom he is employed. By him we received the intelligence that the Auxiliaries had already arrived at Villacajo, where they had made a short halt; but intended rapidly to continue their march to Briviesca, at which place they had been ordered to take up their quarters for some period, in order to finish the organization of the Legion, which had been so favourably and energetically commenced at Bilbao; this plan was, however, shortly after given up from the incon-

ceivable hurry and anxiety that was manifested to bring new and half formed troops into actual service, for which they were unprepared and unfit.

CHAPTER IX.

O! for a lodge in some vast wilderness!
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Should never reach me more!

Cowper.

A FEW days were here allowed us for repose, during which time I made numerous endeavours to gain correct information as to the absolute strength and disposition of Don Carlos's army; reports were, however, so numerous, and so difficult to be credited, that I at length gave up the vain hope of obtaining any detail of circumstances, and in consequence was necessitated to form a judgment from such facts as from time to time offered themselves to my own observation. I shall, however, mention the opinions of those on whom I think the utmost reliance may be placed, and from the peculiar situation

of one of the number, he must have been well acquainted with the state of things among the Carlists. This intelligent individual had recently belonged to the Christino regiment of San Fernando, and about six months previous to the period to which I allude, had been taken prisoner by the enemy; circumstances obliging him to serve during that time in their ranks, until the opportunity of the action of Salvatierra enabled him to repass to his ancient comrades. By this person, (who by permission of Cordova, became my most faithful groom) I was informed, as also by many Carlist peasants, that the absolute disposable strength of the Carlist forces did not exceed thirty thousand men, out of which number not more than eighteen thousand had ever been brought at one period into the field of battle, the remainder being dispersed throughout the country, as douaneros, or custom-house men, spies, escort duty, and a lesser proportion always being absent from the army for the purpose of following their agricultural pursuits, many of the Navarrese being also absent during the vintage and at the period of training the vines.

Notwithstanding this inconsiderable force there is much reason for believing, that had the energetic Zumalacarreguy been able to

procure sufficient arms, and had endeavoured to cross the Ebro, at the latter part of Valdez' command, when the Christino army was in a far greater state of demoralization than at present, instead of besieging Bilbao, every man capable of following him throughout the provinces and Navarre would have flocked to his standard. The time, however, is now gone by, and they wisely remain within their provinces, where the well-known and mountainous nature of their country, offers a thousand resources of strength and protection.

With regard to the Christinos, they are necessarily obliged to occupy a very extensive line of operations, commencing from the French frontier, near Pampeluna, forming a kind of semicircle on the Ebro, and in a measure garrisoning the numerous towns of Puenta la Reyna, Mendigorria, Lerin, Lodosa, Logrono Haro, with Miranda del Ebro, Puenta Laraga, and Modinâ di Poma, and Soncillo to Santander, on the coast. To these may be added the cities of Bilbao, Vittoria, St. Sebastian, as also Valmeseda, la Puebla, and various other small places in the interior; thus I should say Cordova could not even on an emergency bring an army of more than twenty thousand men into the field; in this number I do not include the auxiliary forces.

The British, certainly, did amount at one period to more than five thousand efficient men: yet, when I quitted Spain, three thousand five hundred or four thousand, were the utmost fit for duty; and the Algerine legion, which had only then recently joined the army of operation at Vittoria, although in all appearance most serviceable troops, and in an admirable state of discipline, did not exceed three thousand fighting men. One Portuguese brigade had, I understood, then reached Burgos; but in March, 1836, they had never been brought into active service. Even with this addition of auxiliaries, which would place about thirty thousand men at the commander-in-chief's disposal, I should say it was inferior to the Carlists, who from the nature of their country, and from a variety of other circumstances, were possessed of advantages that certainly equalized, if they did not overbalance, the power possessed by the Christinos in the actual majority of numbers.

The levy of the Quinta, or Mendizabal's, as it was termed, had already commenced with some success; yet considerable time was necessary, previous to the said recruits being sufficiently organized and disciplined, to enable them even to do duty in the garrison towns, and thus place it in Cordova's power to draw some addi-

tional troops from Bilbao. Matters were in this state in the commencement of November 1835. Anxious to see General Evans, I remained at Miranda only until the 5th; I then mounted my horse again, and in company with Colonel Wylde and Colonel Bareido, the Portuguese Commissioner, started for Briviesca. On our arrival there, we were disappointed in finding that the Legion were not so far advanced, having halted two days at Villacajo and Modina di Poma to refresh the men, who were not then accustomed to long and harassing marches over a mountainous line of country, although the road by which they were moving was good. We, therefore, forthwith exerted ourselves, with the military commandant and other authorities, to obtain a sufficient supply of rations and comfortable quarters for the troops on their arrival, which were duly promised with numerous assurances of exactitude and plenty; yet, notwithstanding, as in most other instances, our entreaties and fatigues gained but few supplies when it came to the point.

The town of Briviesca, which lies on the high road from Miranda to Burgos, at about seven leagues from each place, is beautifully situated in a narrow but fertile valley of one of the confines of the Ebro. It affords but inconsiderable

accommodation for an army. The country is, however, open, and abundantly supplied with grain, immense flocks of sheep, and other necessaries for provisioning troops; added to which, there is an admirable cavalry barrack at Burgos, where the auxiliary cavalry were subsequently quartered, and in which, had they been allowed to remain for any reasonable period, the horses (which had suffered greatly from the sea voyage, and the bad food supplied by the contractors), might have very shortly been placed in serviceable condition. Yet from the customary ill-advised plans of some of the Spanish authorities, they were soon removed. This was one of those most inconceivable and unwarranted arrangements regarding the movements of the Legion, the meaning of which far surpassed my sagacity to appreciate, or my military knowledge to understand. Not finding the general at Briviesca, we remained only twelve hours, and parting company the following morning with Colonel Bareido, we obtained a small escort of four hussars, and rode across the country to Oñãa, where we halted again in hopes of soon meeting our red-coated compatriots.

At this place there is a magnificent convent, to which the appending property both in land and money is said to be immense. We were

escorted by the friars who were then its inmates, through its vast and chilling corridors, its numerous rooms or cells, and also to the cathedral and refectory. I did not, however, discover any of the fine paintings or rich services on the altar, which I had been led to believe the generality of Spanish convents, more particularly of such note as this, were supposed to contain. Probably, these treasures were hidden from the grasping hands of the soldiery, now frequently found within its walls. The ancient hospitality so noted in convents had also taken wing, for we were not greeted by any offer of refreshment, although from all accounts both larder and cellar were abundantly well stocked; particularly the latter, a bottle of whose contents we obtained by purchase.

This convent, as most others, is now suppressed, and the idle, immoral, and bigotted brotherhood it gave slothful shelter to, are dispersed with the ample sum of six rials, or about two shillings each for their daily support. Many, undoubtedly, have joined Don Carlos's army, which is already tolerably well supplied with members of their sacred profession, who make by no means bad soldiers, as I can vouch for: the remainder have either gone to their houses, or continue as individuals still to exercise their

pious calling. Without in the least degree wishing to advocate their oppression, I feel satisfied that two-thirds of the miseries and disasters of unhappy Spain may be traced to the secret workings and glaring fanaticism cherished in the religious tenets of its church; and none can travel through the Peninsula, without not only observing the effects of such superstition and unscriptural doctrine, but must at the same time be painfully convinced of the total absence and neglect of principles, arising from pure and heartfelt devotion.

I took the advantage of a brilliant sunrise to climb the steep and myrtle-covered slope of the wild Sierra, that overhangs the village of Oña. The lofty and ponderous towers of the convent stood in solemn grandeur in the centre of the rich valley below; far and wide were to be seen lofty and wood-clad mountains; at their bases, could be distinctly traced the romantic and admirably cut road leading to Villacajo and Soncillo; at the side of which the narrow but sparkling Ebro peacefully glided. How sad! how bitter were the thoughts that overpowered my heart on that memorable morning! My home, — my friends in England, from whom a few hours ago I had received letters,—all fell under the rapid inspection of

my thoughts, as I sat alone looking on this wild and magnificent scene, endeavouring to trace the varied occurrences of interest and horror that a few short months had so rapidly closed over, and pitying the fate of those who were now early called by the sound of the matin bell to one of their last gatherings together before their God, ere a short week after saw them dispersed and wanderers! To return, however, to my subject;—the enthusiasm of the heart, which for a brief space had been allowed to wander unchecked, was again re-called to the cold and heartless beatings of reality; and the cravings of my appetite, urged by the bracing air of the mountains and early rising, obliged me to seek my companions, who had already commenced operations on a substantial breakfast. The unexpected delicacy of a red-legged partridge was by no means to be rejected by a hungry soldier; but from even this I turned with heart-felt gratification, on hearing the clattering of horses in the small village *place*, into which the windows of our quarters at the Alcade's house looked. The arrival proved to be a party of lancers, with a young officer, who had been sent forward to take up quarters for the Auxiliaries, the advanced guard of whom were then within two leagues of us; from him we ascertained the welcome intelligence

that the general was at no great distance; the more so, as our position in the immediate neighbourhood of a large convent, the inmates of which being supposed to a man to be Carlists, had not been one of ease throughout the night, with an escort of only four hussars badly mounted. We therefore started without loss of time, and hastened forward to meet our countrymen.

In about an hour, I was once more greeted with ever-to-be-remembered kindness by my companions of the staff, from whom I had been some tme absent, and who were naturally all anxiety to learn every anecdote relative to the movements of the enemy, with accurate accounts of the affairs at which I had been present with the Spanish army. Thus we accompanied the troops on our return to Onāa, where we once more passed the night, but under circumstances of protection and feelings of security so different to the preceding one, added to the pleasure of meeting my friends, that, to me, it was one of the most agreeable during my absence from my native country. Many of the soldiers, particularly the cavalry, were quartered in the vast and lofty corridors of the convent, abundance of straw being strewn across the pavement, making them a comfortable bed. Here was a change,

what in the morning had been solemn and inspiring, was now re-echoing with the sound of warlike preparation and movement; bivouac fires blazed in the vast courts of the noble structure; and the portly friars, becoming more generous from the presence of so many unsanctified guests, supplied our gallant chief's table with an abundant supper, to which we did ample justice, his courteous and frank presence adding to the good feeling and merriment of the board.

Early the subsequent morning we bid farewell to the padres, marching over a flat and uninteresting country to Briviesca, where, on our arrival the same afternoon, we were surprised at the presence of the commander-in-chief, Cordova, who, accompanied by his staff only, had reached that place the day previous.

CHAPTER X.

When generals meet, astrologers may mark it,
An ominous conjunction, full of boding,
Like that of Mars with Saturn.

An account of the feastings and compliments at this, the first meeting of these distinguished commanders, has several times amused the public, in a variety of interesting shapes; I shall therefore be brief, for it was an occasion which offered an opening for so much good feeling, and ended in such heartless diplomacy, worldly-mindedness, and intrigue, that I can never calmly return to the period, without deeply regretting that openness and manliness of conduct, should have been returned by jealousy and want of faith. First came a dinner, given by Cordova at the posada, or inn, to which three of the personal staff (amongst whom I was one of

the favoured), were invited to accompany our general; this courtesy was naturally expected, and received with every good feeling on the part of the fêted; and at this meeting, a disposition was shewn to establish a sentiment of good will and enthusiasm in the common cause, for which both parties had joined to shed their blood, that might and ought to have led to such results as would have altered the face of the war; it failed, as all things must and will fail, where honour and high principle, devoid of all guile, do not direct the helm.

General Evans, who wanted a Spanish horse, as they are so well adapted to the mountain-roads, or goat-tracks, was induced to accept one at the hands of Cordova, for which he returned one of the best of his English stud, fully caparisoned, and of about four times the Spanish nag's value: "Honi soit qui mal y pense." I do not wish, in making this allusion, to infer a want of generous feeling on such subjects on the part of the Spanish chief, but merely to shew how anxious his ally was, by every kind act, to cultivate the best understanding.

The sudden and unexpected intelligence of the Carlist general, Guerguez, having made a diversion into Arragon, with a force of four

thousand men, prevented any further display of civilities on either side; and the following morning, Cordova, having expressed his approbation of one squadron of English Lancers, who were paraded for his inspection, proceeded with much haste on his route to Haro, in order to join the principal body of his army, who were advancing towards Navarre. A courier having already been despatched to order Brigadier Vigo, with two battalions of Royal Guards and four regiments of the line, instantly to follow Guerguez's movements, and urgently to endeavour to intercept and prevent his junction with the Carlists of Catalonia, which appeared to be the object of his enterprize. Although fully aware how much advantage I might gain by following the movements of the Spanish army of operation, I nevertheless felt much regret at once more bidding adieu to my kind friends and companions, the more so, as I had reason for concluding, that, from the variety of useless skirmishes and affairs in which I was about to be present, a shot might prevent my having the satisfaction of again bearing a part in their operations.

We this day accomplished a distance of ten leagues to Haro, a small but tolerable town, situated within musket-shot of the banks of the

Ebro, and garrisoned by the Christinos. Our ride was rapid and fatiguing, that part of Castille through which we passed being bleak and open, though well cultivated. Owing to my Spanish groom's anxiety to procure good accommodation for my horses, I found myself lodged in a garret, with a good stable on the ground-floor; this was no pleasant situation, being without the barricades, and long before day-light I was nearly devoured by vermin, a trifling disaster when travelling in Spain, and to which I found it necessary to accustom myself with all possible good humour, bearing in mind the adage, "The less said the soonest mended."

In the course of the morning Cordova received some unpleasant news relative to the financial department of the army, always in the utmost state of poverty; but Colonel Wylde, ever ready to assist in cases of emergency, offered his services to the commander-in-chief, and forthwith left us for Madrid, in order to confer with the ministers on the everlastingly deranged state of pecuniary affairs. Once more I was the only English officer present with the army, and took advantage of a few hours' halt to wander about Haro, as we did not leave it until three in the afternoon, when we proceeded two leagues to San Ascencion, where we again reposed for the night.

On the right bank of the Ebro, from Miranda to Lodosa, the towns and villages are all occupied and garrisoned by the Christinos, either with regular troops or the national guards, and from my own observation and numerous inquiries, I may add that no part of the country evinces more liberal sentiments, or where the people are so devoted to the cause of constitutional freedom, and I take this occasion to remark that an ancient feud exists towards their neighbours on the opposite banks of Navarre, totally distinct from any thing relating to the present war, and which is at this moment condensed into a feeling of utter hatred.

In many parts of this country, the rich and well trimmed vineyards extend to the very borders of the river on each side. The high road passing through the valley of the Riocca, which is entirely given up to the growth of that rich fruit which supplies the greater part of the North of Spain with wine. It is a fact well worthy of remark, that so bitter is the feeling that here exists, that during the season of the vintage each party is under the necessity of agreeing to a cessation of hostilities until the fruit is gathered, in order to prevent those who are quietly employed in culling the ripened bunches from being shot from the opposite bank.

From San Ascencion, which is a distance of about six leagues from Logrono, we passed through Briones, Fuenmayor, and Ceneciro, all of which small towns are temporarily fortified and garrisoned principally by Urbanos of the province, each of these towns being within a short distance of the Ebro, and opposite to Navarre. The latter, *viz.* Ceneciro, deserves a place in the annals of military history, from the heroic defence made by its garrison of fifty of the national guard, when attacked by the brave Zumalacarreguy in the month of October 1834. Of this I must here be permitted to give an account, deeply interested and enthusiastic as I am in every remarkable incident relative to the unhappy war and its localities. General Cordova was kind enough to halt some time, that I might be enabled to run over this interesting village, as also to examine the church, in which the principal defence was made.

As I have already mentioned, it was situated near the banks of the Ebro, on a small eminence that overlooks that river. In the month of October 1834, Zumalacarreguy, commanding in person about three thousand men, crossed the Ebro, which in the summer and autumn months is there fordable (as it is indeed in many places between thence and Logrono), in order to surprise

and ransack both Fuenmayor and Ceneciro. The former place he succeeded in taking, as also a convoy on the road to Logroño, about to join Cordova's division, then in Navarre; his attempts were, however, entirely frustrated at the latter place, by the heroic valour of its inhabitants, principally Urbaños, who finding the utter impossibility of making any stand against the far superior force of the enemy, retired into the body of the church, taking their wives and children, all their ammunition, some provisions, and about fifty-six muskets, and, having barred its massive doors, they prepared to meet death rather than surrender to their cruel oppressors, from whom they could hope for no mercy. In this awful and deserted situation, they succeeded in defending themselves for one whole day, by firing through the windows and such loop-holes as time and circumstances enabled them to make. On the morning of the second, the Carlists obtained an entrance into the lower part of the church, the survivors, for many had already been killed, then mounted to the tower or belfry, and by cutting away part of the stone staircase by which it was ascended, they effectually prevented any approach, as the instant any attempt was made to place a ladder, a shot from above was death to the individual who was bold

enough to attempt it. Thus did these brave Castilians, worthy of their ancient renown, maintain their too perilous situation for more than thirty hours, until the approach of Cordova's division obliged Zumalacarreguy and his followers to quit their prey, and speedily recross the Ebro, not, however, until they had endeavoured to secure their unfortunate victims, by setting fire to the edifice; thus situated they were found out and released from their unhappy position more dead than alive. The Government I am told, and I sincerely hope that such may be the case, have very properly bestowed pensions on the wives and families of those who fell, and some well earned mark of royal favour on the survivors. May Spanish faith, in this instance at least, prove sincere!

To the commanding officer of engineers, who accompanied me in a visit to this church, which remains in the identical state of ruin as left by the Carlists, I am indebted for the above account. Several of the gallant defenders of the belfry, who were released on that memorable day, are still doing duty as national guards at Ceneciro; and by them I was informed that the bodies of more than four hundred of their assailants were found dead amongst the ruins and in the imme-

diate vicinity of the church, and they themselves had lost nearly half their number.

From hence to Logrono, about three leagues, we passed through the small town of Fuenmayor, totally without interest. Logrono, on the contrary, is one of the best and cleanest I had seen in that part of Spain; and although only temporarily fortified, capable, from its natural position, of making a good defence. It is situated close to the Ebro, which is there crossed by a handsome bridge, on which a fortified barricade or work is also placed; this bridge being an object of much care, as it unites the province of Old Castile with the kingdom of Navarre, and leads to Viana, another small town generally garrisoned by one Christino battalion, a force by far too small, as a proof of which, it was surprised by Zumalacarreguy in 1835, and its garrison either destroyed or dispersed. Logrono possesses a handsome cathedral, with long and rather well-built streets, a small theatre, and a capacious and well-supplied market, and also several ancient hotels or mansions, one of the most considerable belonging to Espartero, now Count Luchana.

From Logrono to Lodosa the country is open, with extensive valleys of vine-yards and corn-fields; in winter, the bleakness and cold are in-

tense. The latter is already famed in the military history of the war of independence, from the Duke of Wellington having gloriously defeated Marshal Soult, on Easter Monday 1813. It is also on the banks of the Ebro, although on the Navarrese side; but the bridge, which connects it with Old Castile, has been recently fortified with much judgment, as far as its position, which is commanded by the heights in rear of the town, will allow of: this point is the extreme right of the line of the Ebro established by Cordova.

On crossing the bridge, we once more entered what is considered the Carlist country, and I was gratified, for the first time, by placing my foot on Navarrese ground, and having a sight of the valley of the Ribera, through which the rivers Ega and Arga wind, and which had so often been the scene of feats of arms. The bridges on this line have been entirely destroyed, with the exception of that of Laraga, at which place a small redoubt has been constructed on an eminence whence it is approached. During the summer, the Arga is fordable in many places; but during the winter this operation has entirely prevented the Carlists of the Provinces from making any movement into Arragon between Pampeluna and Lodosa, at least without

running considerable risk of a severe loss, by which means they are hemmed into a smaller extent of country. We passed during the morning, through Lerin and Larraga, both garrisoned by Christinos, and well-fortified. The former from its very commanding position, being situated on the summit of a high and rocky eminence, I should consider almost impregnable, if a very small force were placed there to defend it, as is now the case. The want of water is, however, a great drawback to the garrison and its inhabitants, who are under the necessity of sending mules, laden with barrels, to procure that most indispensable necessary from the river, which runs at the foot of the rock on which stands the town, a mill having been placed there in a state of defence to enable them to supply themselves without fear of being molested.

The streets of this town are narrow, and from the want of drains or water, disgustingly dirty; when crammed with troops, which is frequently the case, it becomes a regular halting-place on this line, then little whatever can be procured, all communication with the peasantry being entirely prevented by the Carlist partidas, except when a division of the Christinos are on the move in that direction. Larraga and Mendigorria, rather isolated positions, both on the

same line, being subject to the same unpleasant fate. To the latter place I must call your attention, as being noted for the action of the 16th of June 1835, when the Christinos, commanded by Cordova, gained their most successful day since the commencement of the war, for which he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, having previously only commanded a division.

Accompanied by Colonel Ferdinand Cordova, the chief's brother, I rode over the ground that five months previous had been the scene of fratricidal and revolting carnage, and to his courtesy, (for he had been present during the action,) I am indebted for an accurate illustration of the relative positions of the two armies, together with the numerous facts appertaining to the action; and, in consequence of this information, it has ever since been a matter of astonishment to me, that so able and talented a general as Eguia, who commanded the Carlist army on that occasion, should have made so palpable a mistake, as he undoubtedly did, in choosing such ground to give battle to his enemies. Nothing, I conclude, but the most sanguine expectations of gaining a decided victory could have led him to commit a fault so nearly fatal to his royal master; although, with the bright star of good fortune

shining on them, it was far from being taken advantage of by the Christinos; it might otherwise have enabled them to strike a blow that, probably, would for a season have paralysed their adversaries, added to which, Don Carlos ought to have fallen into their hands.

The situation of Mendigorria in itself is one of strength; and the rising grounds in its front, which overlook a broad and extensive valley, cultivated with vineyards, was the position taken up by the Carlists, on the approach of the enemy; but Eguia, in thus taking up a formidable ground to front his enemy, and never doubting of success, failed in the very necessary precaution of considering what were his means of retreat; had he done so, he must have recollected, that the river Ega, which runs immediately in the rear of Mendigorria, and joins the Arga, was only passable by one small bridge: his right and front were occupied by the Christino army; and on his left, within a short league, lay the town of Puenta la Reyna, also a Christino garrison. Thus his only chance of escape, in case of failure, was by crossing the Ega; and by this bridge he made his retreat, at the termination of this eventful day—how, those who were present during the affair will be best able to solve.

The night previous, Cordova had taken up his quarters at Artajona; Espartero's division remaining the same night at Laraga, ready for a combined attack on their enemy, which, it was determined, should commence as early as possible the following morning. Each column had orders to commence their march at day-break; Espartero moving by the right bank of the river, to attack their right; whereas Cordova advanced towards their centre, detaching a brigade, with two squadrons of cavalry, to his right, to prevent the enemy from making a movement towards Puenta la Reyna.

After considerable guerilla fighting, Espartero formed a line to charge the enemy, and succeeded in driving them from their positions, on the right front of the Mendigorria; and Cordova wisely taking advantage of the momentary confusion, ordered a simultaneous movement on their centre, and with so much success, that a panic ensuing, an instantaneous and hurried retreat towards the bridge, placed him in possession of the enemy's position. Had he taken advantage of this favourable moment, and ordered the cavalry to charge the Carlists, who were already crossing the bridge, the slaughter would have been immense, and thousands of prisoners would have fallen into his hands. I

have since been informed that Cordova sent an aide-de-camp with orders to that effect; if so, and they were delivered, it was of no avail, for they were never obeyed, and yet, strange to say, the officer who commanded the cavalry on that day was shortly after promoted.

During the greater part of this action, Don Carlos had quietly awaited the result at Mendigorria, and was actually seated at dinner when an aide-de-camp galloped into the town to inform him that all was lost, at the same time entreating he would place himself out of danger by crossing the river. Notwithstanding, he remained quietly at table, and it was not until he had received several messages of the same nature, and Cordova's advancing troops were on the point of entering the streets, that he was induced to mount his horse, and surrounded by his staff to gain the bridge, but not until it was already crowded by his retreating army. At length, however, he succeeded in gaining the opposite bank, but so narrow was his escape, that several men were killed by his side. I have been told that this was the last time Don Carlos followed his army to the field of action. As I was not present during this engagement, I will by no means vouch for the perfect accuracy of my account, which I give alone from the informa-

tion of some of those present on both sides; neither will I vouch for the number slain, but I am told, at least a thousand Carlists were put *hors de combat* by this affair, besides the loss of several prisoners, yet was it a total failure on the part of the Christino generals, who neither followed their flying enemy, nor took advantage of their success, shewing a want of energy and spirit, which has continued too palpably to evince itself on all occasions, from the commencement of this horrid war.

Don Carlos undoubtedly felt assured of gaining a glorious victory, otherwise his judgment and that of his generals, who must have been informed as to the vicinity of the Christino forces, would never have induced them to have placed the army in so perilous a situation. On the other hand, had he gained the day, he doubtless would have crossed the Ebro, entered Castile, and in all probability would have met with little opposition to his march on Madrid; fortunately for the Christinos he failed, and from this reverse arose the Mendizabal ministry, and the abundant promises and intrigues, which my countrymen know the true value of. Cordova as already stated, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, and received the grand cross of St. Ferdinand, the highest military order in

Spain. Several other superior officers were also promoted, the juniors who received the hard blows and wounds, being obliged to content themselves with a piece of red ribbon in "colour only" similar to the decoration of the Legion of Honour, which the inconceivable ostentation and pride of Cordova, induced him, by permission of the government, to distribute to every man and officer of the army that were present; so much so, that on my arrival at the head-quarters of the Spanish chief, I made endless inquiries as to the feats of valour performed by every drummer and private in the army, and invariably received the answer, "Oh! he is a Mendigorria man."

In this statement, I should be most unwilling to hurt the pride or feelings of those with whom I have been present, and have seen gallantly fighting in more than one battle-field; and perhaps such a reward was necessary, at the moment, to inspire enthusiasm amongst the Christino army, which was then in a state of great demoralization, and to infuse a spirit of moral excitement so pleasing to foreign troops: neither am I an advocate that the honorable decorations which a soldier has won by his gallantry in the field, should be hidden from the eyes of the world; yet, when I thought of my

own brave countrymen, to whom, during the late war, the loss of a thousand was occasionally the affair of advanced guards or picquets, when I thought of their undeviating affection for their sovereign, and unconquerable feats of arms at old England's command; when I called to mind their devotion and their sufferings, to see a ribbon at so many breasts, I must say infinitely lowered its value in my ideas; for where is the British heart that beats under so great a mark of distinction from his revered sovereign, who has not well and gallantly earned it by some personal feat of uncommon courage, or a life of undeviating service for his country, in the strict attention to professional duties.

CHAPTER XI.

Death distant, no, alas! he's ever with us,
And shakes the dart at us in all our actings:
He lurks within our cup, while we're in health;
Sits by our sick-bed—mocks our medicines;
We cannot walk, or sit, or ride, or travel,
But death is by, to seize us when he lists.

I HAVE been induced to give an account of the action of Mendigorria, because I conceive from that period, the affairs of both armies took a different turn; and the arrival of the auxiliary troops in Spain very shortly succeeding to the above event, placed the war on a different footing. The Christino army, which was previously totally demoralized, and in a bad state of discipline, certainly improved both in character and strength, whereas, that of Don Carlos for a season somewhat decreased; and notwithstanding his not being actually in want of

money or other resources, his supplies were not so liberal as they had been, from the moral effect of his recent defeat. It should, however, be borne in mind, that the wants of a Christino soldier, and those of a Carlist, are of a totally different nature.

The Carlists neither require the regular pay, nor the regular ration of the Christino; whereas, the latter is always in want of the pay, murmuring at the bad faith of those he serves, and can do nothing without the ration. A Christino enters a town of the provinces of Navarre, every hand and every heart are shut against him; not so the Carlists, with them such is far from being the case. If the individual requiring assistance of any kind is not the friend or relation of the house in which he is billeted, he is nevertheless embarked in the same cause, and consequently they are ever willing to receive him as one of the defenders of their homes and rights (for as I have already mentioned, I do not think the death or removal of Don Carlos would terminate this unhappy war, although it would effectually alter the virulence of it), and all they have is eagerly placed at their disposal. The Carlists require few advanced guards and few videttes, and no outposts unless they are immediately before an enemy or

aware of its near approach. Let them take their rest, hundreds, nay thousands of men, women, and children are ready to give timely notice of the movements of the Christinos; should they require intelligence, they have their friends and spies each day in the very centre of the Christino army, and not only are the persons of the enemy's superior officers described accurately to them, but the colour of the horses they ride, their dress, and the intended movements of their troops. It is a well-known and undisputed fact, that should the Carlists wish to make a rapid movement, one night is sufficient for them to perform a distance, which the Christinos, however well they may march, would take more than three days to accomplish. It is sufficient for their general to command or even express a wish that a force named should be at any required position, however long the distance, however bad the roads, to them such obstacles are trifles, and in an incredibly short space of time their object is performed. How different is the case with the Christino troops! Do they attempt to proceed by the mountain passes or by narrow cross-country roads? Their artillery becomes almost if not entirely useless; in the meantime a goat track suits the Carlists.

The number of mules necessary to carry wine,

biscuit, ammunition, and other supplies for the Christino army, on their march into an enemy's country, necessarily and greatly impede their progress; and in case of an action or defeat which obliges them to retire, such encumbrances become the plunder of their enemy. The high road, or "caminho real," is therefore, generally speaking, their only resource except in cases of emergency, leaving the invaluable advantages of short cuts in such a country and during such a warfare, to the Carlists; added to which, it is almost invariably necessary for the Christinos to take advantage of the larger towns, which are principally in their possession, for their nightly quarters: in the first place, that they may be enabled to obtain sufficient rations; and secondly. from the certainty of better security, as the Carlists rarely, under any circumstances, attack a town when occupied by any force, excepting as a regular siege.

To return to the movements of the army. Having reached Mendigorria, I began to look forward to the pleasure of visiting Pampeluna, towards which place we were then marching. At this period, however, Puenta la Reyna was the extent of our movement on the right of the line of operations. We arrived there on the 14th of November, and took up our quarters for the

night. This small town, as the whole of those on the line of the Ebro and the valley of Ribera, is garrisoned by Christinos;—the outer walls of the town being looped for musketry with strong barricades at the entrances;—a redoubt of some strength, on a very commanding position above the town, offering another object of defence. The streets are long and wide, and the houses better than the generality of those in Navarre. The country which surrounds it being celebrated for its vintage, from which an excellent wine is made,—similar to a good Bordeaux; indeed, this was the only place during the time I had been in the country that I ever drank any that was tolerably palatable.

During the afternoon, I was informed by Cordova that it was not his intention to march further in the direction of Pampeluna on that occasion, but to cross the river and move on Estella by the high road; at the same time telling me, that on the following day I should be gratified with a sight of one of the mountain courts of Don Carlos. Seven o'clock on the morning of Sunday the 15th of November (and it is a curious and melancholy fact, that such a day should be so frequently noted in military annals as a day of bloodshed instead of peace,) saw the army under arms, and ready to march;

the commander-in-chief having detached a brigade under the orders of Brigadier Orāa from Lerin, by the villages of Allio and Decastillio, to form a junction with his own forces at the village of Ulibarri, about a league from Estella. His object in this movement was so far well formed, that he had in view the forcing a passage to the Amescuas mountains, and destroying the enemy's magazines, which were supposed to be formed there, and at the same time, to call off the attention of the Carlists, who had marched with considerable force towards Bilbao, with the intention, as he had reason to believe, of again molesting it.

On our having proceeded about a league from Puenta la Reyna, we found the road deeply entrenched and broken up, to impede the progress of the cavalry. This appeared to have been very recently put in execution; and I consequently had reason for conceiving an enemy was not far distant. Cordova, notwithstanding, felt assured from the intelligence he had received, that not more than one or two battalions, at the most, of the enemy had been left in possession of Estella. We were sitting on our horses, laughing and joking at the extraordinary and eccentric gestures and exertions made by an engineer officer, who was animating the men employed in

filling up the deep drains which had been cut across the road, when our ears were saluted with the sound of several shots, which proceeded from our advance guards and flankers, who had marched by the mountain heights on our right to cover the movement. This confirmed me in my previous opinion, that we should not enter Estella without a good day's work.

The snow fell thickly, and the weather was intensely cold, which did not add to our pleasure in the expectation of twelve hours' hard fighting; my anticipations were very soon realized, as in a short time we found the Carlist guerillas, who, having taken up strong positions crossing our line of march, were awaiting our approach with a determination and courage worthy of a far better cause than that of shedding the blood of their own countrymen They appeared fully resolved to dispute every inch of ground to the very utmost, in order to prevent our entry into Estella; and so closely did they wait our coming, that having observed a line of tirailleurs, who had extended themselves on an eminence in our front, I rode forward, in order that by joining them, I might more clearly distinguish the enemy, who had formed their principal force on the slope of an opposite mountain, which was thickly wooded.

My curiosity nearly proved my death; for had I advanced fifty yards more without discovering them by the peculiar style of caps to be Carlists, and had not several officers of Cordova's staff shouted out to me to return, I should doubtlessly have fallen into their hands; as it was, nothing but the hand of Providence saved me. On discovering my dangerous position, I instantly turned my horse's head, and rode across the country at a pace that the Andalusian nag on which I was mounted had been hitherto unaccustomed; my ears all the time being saluted by the whistling of the enemy's bullets, who, luckily for me, were either too much hurried, or not the best of marksmen; otherwise, I should never have told the tale; as it was, I became infinitely less curious, and more wary in my personal reconnoissances.

The Carlists, as I have already observed, had crossed our line of march with their guerillas, and, being much protected by the thick wood with which the mountain sides in that part of Spain are covered, vigorously sustained the attack for some time, not giving way until their tirailleurs were more than once relieved by fresh troops. At this period, the two armies were about equal, several of Cordova's best regiments having remained with Orāa, at Lerin. About

mid-day, however, this general appeared in sight, marching by Dicastillio towards the right flank of the Carlists. The arrival of this re-inforcement, which, added to the troops of Cordova, made our force double that of the enemy's, obliged them instantly to give way, by flying towards the rocky and wood-clad mountains of the Amescuas, with an appearance of panic, equalling in ardour the intrepidity of their first onset. Part of Orãa's division pursued the retiring enemy for about half a league, and then continuing their march by the mountain tops to Estella; Cordova's force advancing, at the same time, on that town by the high road.

Nothing could exceed the melancholy feelings, relative to this much to be lamented warfare, that oppressed my heart on the occasion to which I now refer. The weather was thick and cloudy; a heavy snow having turned into a drizzling sleet, with a piercing wind, we were half saturated and frozen, on this dreary and already closing November afternoon. Accompanied by all the horrors of civil war, and the lamentations of the wounded, we entered this truly deserted city, once the fairest and the happiest in Navarre. Not a man was to be seen, and scarcely a female who was young enough to fly, or had the means of escape; the aged,

bed-ridden, or fatherless child, alone, from necessity or sickness, awaited with fear the entrance of their countrymen and foes. As I rode through the long and narrow streets of this once peaceful, proud, and favoured spot, every house was closed and barred against the entrance of the Christinos, and nothing could exceed the gloom and saddening appearance, although, two hours previously, five thousand of the Carlist army had been quartered there, and were probably joining the inhabitants in their prayers to the Almighty, or taking, in peace and rest, a share in all the gaiety of a Catholic sabbath; and indeed, within the short space of half an hour, General Villareal had only left the town, at the head of two squadrons of lancers.

I should not wish it to be inferred, in thus detailing facts, which cannot but be regretted, that the spirit of devastation and oppression is more engendered in the minds of the Christino party than the Carlist, but to shew the lamentable and horrid effects of the war generally, as the same occurrence is equally to be loathed on the part of Don Carlos's army, and perhaps to a greater extent. When, excited by the flush of victory, they enter a Christino town, and, unchristian as the feeling must appear, it is nevertheless too true, that every day the war is

extended in its duration, the bitter and murdering spirit of party hatred becomes more confirmed and more atrociously glaring and deadly.

On this occasion, I was quartered in one of the largest houses in Estella; as the courtesy of the commander-in-chief had desired, that, when any sort of lodging was to be found, I should be well provided, and its outward appearance gave me reason to expect more than common comforts within; I was, nevertheless, astonished to find that every article, even of furniture, that could be hidden or quickly removed, had been taken away, although the rooms had been recently inhabited; shewing a feeling that would leave one to imagine demons had entered their city, instead of those who had once joined in the same patriotic cause of expelling their foreign invaders. And it is not less true, though the more deeply to be deplored, that even old friends, and the nearest in ties of blood, are to be found in the separate camps. Surely these few and simple details, without the most distant feeling of hatred or party acrimony, are sufficient to prove how greatly, how deplorably, the rancour of hatred exists in Navarre against the Christinos, and they form only one of a hundred instances of the same nature that I have since had the pain of witnessing, in a country formed

by the hand of God to be one of the proudest, the most prosperous, and happy in Europe.

Having relieved myself of my sheep-skin jacket, mud-boots, and other comforts so necessary as a protection from the bleak winds and violent storms in Navarre, particularly in the month of November, I hastened to the quarters of the commander-in-chief, who had taken possession of the house generally occupied by Don Carlos when at Estella. Alas! but a humble palace! It contained, however, a luxury seldom met in the north of Spain, viz. a fire-place, which we instantly took advantage of, by heaping bundles of dried vine cuttings on the already blazing fire, a large pan of burning embers, termed a brasero, being, in most Spanish houses, the only resort (and a most unhealthy one,) when perishing with cold. This good and exhilarating fire thawed us a little, after being eight hours on horseback in the midst of snow-storms, such as would have sent back Saarsfield to his bed. We had a tolerable supper, supplied from the remnants which the Carlists had left at our disposal, and which was far from being unacceptable after a long fast, barring a few cigars, which are as necessary, as the lining to a Don's pocket, we wiled away the remainder of the evening; and at an early hour I quitted my

Spanish companions to prepare myself, by a good night's rest, for the result of another day, which all expected would be one of bloodshed and strife, not, however, until I had received their advice to keep close to the wall in passing the public place or square: for the reasons of which advice, I shall refer you to my next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

> But whoso entereth within this town,
> That streaming far celestial seems to be,
> Disconsolate will wander up and down,
> Mid many things unsightly to strange eye;
> For hut and palace show like filthily.

Estella, which is one of the best towns in Navarre, about four leagues south-west of Pampeluna, is most romantically and wildly situated in a basin, the sides of which are formed by high and rocky mountains by which it is surrounded, and which so entirely command the town within even musket range, that an individual standing upon either of their summits may distinctly see what is passing in the several streets and the large square, and with perfect safety to himself fire upon the inhabitants, with means of escape that would place him beyond the possibility of

pursuit, and with rocks to protect him that would baffle the most able marksman to avoid; and the murdering practice mentioned above was invariably resorted to by the Carlists during the night when the town was occupied, as it then was, by the Christinos.

During the latter part of Valdez's command, this place, like many others then garrisoned by the Christinos, was given up, and in this instance not without reason, as it would have been perfectly untenable under any circumstances, (amongst others its isolated position might have been the least), against a very inconsiderable force. Many plans have since been under consideration, for re-occupying and fortifying it, all equally absurd and totally impracticable; at least, I had opportunities of distinctly observing its natural position and capabilities, and having gained some little insight into the principles of fortification at the Royal Military College, Woolwich, I ventured, as requested, to give an opinion on the subject. Whether it had any weight with Cordova or not I will not presume or pretend to say; but the idea of so useless a waste of time, men and money, all wanted elsewhere, and without the most distant hope of a favourable result, has, I rejoice to find, been given up. Had the attempt been

made I could only see two chances of success, which, in joke, I recommended to the engineer officer, as a means of calling forth his eccentricities, at which we were at times much amused; he was indignant at my suggestion that the heights above the town should either be crowned with redoubts or martello towers, or a bomb proof covering should be placed over it, similar in form to the covering of ships in ordinary, with sky-lights. In truth, however, any attempt to place it in a defensible state against artillery would be utterly useless.

The utmost loss of the Carlists previous to our entering Estella, did not exceed fifty men killed and wounded; and of the Christinos from twenty to thirty. Two or three men also passed over to the Christinos, a practice put in force during engagements, by both parties; the result occasioned by this operation has as yet surpassed my capacity to explain. At the same time, much enthusiasm prevailed amongst the troops, who for eight months previously had never penetrated so far into the enemy's country, and for the moment were re-occupying Estella. From their expressions of delight, I had some reason to hope the dreadful campaign was fast drawing to a close; indeed, all parties appeared to vie with each other in their courtesy, to make me

perfectly understand the great moral effect such a movement would cause at Madrid, and through the whole of Europe. Doubtless, the minister of war had infinite satisfaction in reading Cordova's bulletin, and the Ministerial gazettes in placing it before the eyes of the coffee-house loungers in the metropolis of fair Spain. Notwithstanding all this rhodomontade Espagnole it had on me not the moral, but the physical effect, of being placed in a deep well, the top of which was defended by grenadiers to prevent the possibility of escape, and twelve hours afterwards, my opinion was confirmed by frightful realities.

Even these unpleasant forebodings on my part, did not prevent my sleeping soundly until my Andalusian nag, which had saved my life the day previous, was announced as saddled and ready to bear me through another day of fatigue and danger. Now that I am speaking of horses, I must take the opportunity of mentioning, that almost every English horse that was sent out for the service of the Legion, as also those belonging to the staff officers, suffered much from the bad forage and scanty supply; all the horses in North Spain, with the exception of those in Navarre, being fed on barley and straw, and with such forage the English horses became weak and lost their condition. For a long march or journey,

I invariably found them more useful and agreeable in their action, and (if not over-ridden as to pace, for they are, generally speaking, slow), capable of bearing greater fatigue with trifling sustenance; in proof of which, the horse to which I have alluded, has performed in the worst of weathers and on infamous roads, with very moderate care, from fifty to sixty miles a day for days together, without appearing distressed or losing condition.

Cordova had wisely given up his intention of proceeding further on his diversion towards the Amescuas, many unforeseen obstacles having appeared; and, having endeavoured to obtain a loan of a thousand dollars from Estella and the neighbouring villages without success, he determined on marching to Lerin by the valley of Allio and Decastillio, taking with him some of the old women as hostages for the payment of his demand. Part of Orāa's division had been halted at a village about a league from Estella, on the Puenta la Reyna road, in order to form an advance guard, and to prevent the enemy moving in that direction; soon after daybreak we marched out of this fair and interesting town, once more leaving the palace and the fire-place at the disposal of Don Carlos or his portly lieutenant, Villareal. We had, how-

ever, scarcely quitted it, when we discovered the Carlist picquets and out-posts perched like eagles on the neighbouring heights, watching the movements of each battalion as they gained the open country, and thus forming their plans to fall upon our rear. We had, unfortunately, two or three men who had been badly wounded the day previous; these were placed on the backs of mules, and with the artillery in the centre we commenced our march.

I have already had occasion to mention the extraordinary distances performed by the Carlists, when any particular circumstance calls them to the field of action. In this instance, as in many others, they displayed their activity and hardihood in a manner that almost surpasses belief. On their receiving intelligence of the Christinos having entered Puenta la Reyna in force, a messenger was instantly despatched to Eguia, whose army was then principally in the neighbourhood of Bilbao; on receiving this unwelcome news, which materially altered his plans, and which did not reach him until late in the afternoon of our actual entry into Estella, this general commenced his march at the head of about twelve battalions of infantry to reinforce those with whom we had been engaged on the 15th. Thus did the advance guards of

Eguia's force arrive on the heights above Estella, in time to observe our movements; having performed the incredible distance of fourteen leagues* in one night, over mountains, in the month of November. Where are to be found regular troops who can undertake such a movement, and follow it up by eight hours hard fighting, without repose?—such was nevertheless the case in this instance. We had not gained a league from the town before their guerillas opened a fire on our rear-guard, and thus, with much courage and regularity, the Christinos sustained a desperate and unexpected attack from the enemy, fighting *en retraite*, or rather in advance, for they were marching towards Lerin, from seven o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, the Carlists instantly occupying each position as quitted by the Christinos, until we reached the village of Allio, about half distance between Estella and Lerin. On our arriving at this place, the firing ceased, and the Carlists gradually recalled their tirailleurs.

This affair was gallantly sustained on both sides, the Christinos steadily maintaining their fire, as they quietly retired from one eminence or position to another, each battalion by turns forming the

* The leagues, in Navarre and the Basque provinces, are at least three and a half English miles each.

rear-guard, and more than one charge was made during the morning by the Christino cavalry, in the latter of which about twenty Carlists fell into their hands. Amongst these was a priest, whom I personally witnessed waving a drawn sword over his head; with much vehemence and gesture he urged the troops to advance and fight in the name of the Most High, in whose cause they were shedding their blood, and at the same time assured them, if killed, a place in heaven was their enviable lot.

> It is a time of danger, not of revel,
> When churchmen turn to warriors.

This man, with whom I had some conversation, was tall and muscular, with a remarkably fine and open countenance; and, with the exception of his sable suit, and partially grey hair, he might have better graced the profession of arms than of priesthood. His hands being fastened behind his back by a cord, like the other prisoners, he was marched in that degrading and unfortunate condition to Lerin, and confined with others in a wretched and loathsome gaol. I have understood this individual has since been exchanged; many of his sacred calling may be found fighting, from most mistaken ideas, even in the lowest grade amongst the ranks of Don

Carlos's army. Having passed the village of Allio, where, protected by walls, ruined houses, and other coverings, the Christino rear-guard made a considerable stand, the country becomes far more open and comparatively flat. On arriving at this point, Cordova drew up his forces in battle array, the cavalry and artillery being placed in proper positions in case of further attack; and here we remained for more than two hours, perishing with cold, fatigue, and hunger, in the anxious hope that on such ground the Carlists would continue the engagement. Their generals, nevertheless, were far too wise and too good judges of their own forces, to peril them in an open country, against an equal force of infantry, with infinitely superior cavalry and artillery. It was not thus Eguia was likely to throw away successes, he knew too well how to gain, in a mountainous country, where every pass and every rock were his familiars. The Christino chief might have remained until doomsday, unmolested, in such a position; and as to this being the case, those who knew him can best form an opinion.

It is not, however, my object or intention in giving a statement of facts as they actually occurred, or in making these observations, to cast a slur on the brave men who, on that and the previous day,

so well sustained every yard of ground over which they fought on their line of march; neither do I hesitate in offering the opinion, that, had the Carlists attempted to continue in the open country, from their being totally unaccustomed to such a kind of warfare, they would, in all probability, have received too severe a check to repeat so unwise a manœuvre. Such, however, appears not to be the case at the present hour: for neither the cannon's mouth, nor the glistening bayonet point, can turn them in their bold attacks—which may be attributed not to their increase in personal valour, but to the want of energy and spirit on the part of their enemies which has emboldened them in comparison as their foes have fallen in their estimation.

The great strength of Don Carlos's army may be traced to the nature of the country and other natural causes, which I have already mentioned, far more than to their numerical force, discipline, or efficiency over the Christinos; to which may be added, their very extraordinary knowledge of every mountain pass and by-road, which must enable them, I feel thoroughly convinced, to keep up a system of guerilla fighting, even should the mass of Carlists be destroyed and dispersed, and not a thousand men left to fight. In this day's affair, La Reyna, a gallant and distin-

guished officer of the Carlist cavalry, was killed at the head of his regiment, his brother having also a short time previously met his death at Puenta La Reyna, when in command of a battery firing on the town.

The loss on both sides (as usual, without any decided result,) was, I regret to say, considerable. The Christinos did not carry less than two hundred and fifty men wounded from the field, and at least one hundred and fifty, including several officers, were left dead on the spot where they had fallen; notwithstanding the rear-guards had been fighting in extended lines of tirailleurs, and no movement in column or *en masse*, with the exception of charges of cavalry, had been attempted. This was not the case with the Carlists; they several times advanced a whole battalion on the eminences as the Christinos retired, and more than once fired volleys by companies, even when their enemy was partially covered by stone-walls, banks, and other objects, a practice I had never previously observed them put in force, and by which they suffered greatly, from five to six hundred being the minimum of their loss on that day. I am, however, only enabled to give an opinion on the subject from report, and such information as could be gained from the country people after the action, who

were seldom ready to give a true account; and although individually present during the whole engagement, I could only form a general idea; and I must further observe, that the instant the Carlists lose a man, if circumstances in any way admit of it, his body is borne from the field, and thus, as far as possible, they conceal their actual loss. Until dusk we remained in possession of the field, like turkey-cocks; nevertheless, too glad when the order was given to continue our march, which we did, unmolested, to Lerin.

Owing to the restiveness of the mules by which the Spanish artillery is drawn, or by the mismanagement of their drivers, one of the guns had been upset into a small but fortunately narrow stream, the banks of which, however, being high, we were so much delayed by this accident that we did not reach the town until ten at night, and some of the troops, harassed and fatigued, were not billeted until after midnight. Thus we had been more than thirteen hours in performing a distance of three leagues, or about ten and a-half English miles, during eight of which we were incessantly engaged with the enemy. No food had passed my lips since the supper of the previous night at Estella, a circumstance quite inconsistent with an English-

man's fighting trim, and to add to other misfortunes, on my arrival at Lerin, I found myself, owing to the attention of the billet-master, lodged in the public café, supposed to be the best habitation in the town, except that occupied by the commander-in-chief; still was it my misfortune to sleep in a hole where noise, dirt, and famine abounded.

Nevertheless, being greatly exhausted, I should have been amply satisfied with the cup of chocolate so easily obtained in all Spanish houses, and a tolerable night's rest would have fully recompensed me for all other wants. The latter however was denied me; for no sooner had I ensconced myself in the rough ill-washed linen of the miserable bed, than fifty grenadiers, in all probability more fatigued and hungry than myself, were not only billeted in the same house but in the room immediately over that in which I was endeavouring to rest, and commenced such a clamour that to sleep was out of the question. So great, however, had been the fatigue and privations of the two preceding days, that, notwithstanding my noisy companions of the upper floor, I might have succeeded in obtaining some rest, had not the yard into which my apartment looked been crammed with sheep and pigs which long before day-break, opened a most un-

timely and unpleasing concert, added to which, very few houses in Northern Spain are possessed of the luxury of a glass window, shutters being the only defence against the inclemency of the weather, in which a kind of loop-hole is cut to admit air and light during the day; thus I was necessitated to give up all thoughts of repose. As I find the circumstance alluded to in my rough journal, I have been induced to give these details of a night which has since been engraven on my memory, from the many painful occurrences I met with, leaving certainly no slight sensations on my mind.

CHAPTER XIII.

For Spain is compassed by unyielding foes,
And all must shield or share subjection's woes.

Freedom is a high sounding word, and in itself inspires the patriotic heart with sentiments hitherto unknown. Civilized nations are happily advancing step by step on the high road to constitutional liberty; yet it is not by forced principles or dictative power that any can obtain the idolized result of free and extensive liberalism in thought and action. Old institutions and patriotic privileges, grafted in the hearts of a large portion of a country, which for centuries has enjoyed them, are not to be rooted out in a moment, and there is much reason for concluding

that the force of arms brought into the field at the commencement of the war (being incapable both as to strength and energy at once to crush the rising), so far from having the desired effect, has only tended to brutalize and confirm those in an obstinate resistance to the majority of the nation, who I feel assured might, by convincing proofs of the horrors and endless miseries of civil war, be induced to return to their homes and families. Would to God such a result could be effected by an interventional occupation of unhappy Spain for a period! Those only who have had personal insight into her convulsive and almost barbarous situation, can fully enter into the feelings of disgust and horror excited at the deeds of bloodshed now continually perpetrated. Two days of rest were allowed us after the affairs of the fifteenth and sixteenth. Under any circumstances, had we even been obliged to have forced our way through the enemy, I should have equally rejoiced that this halt was of no longer duration, for our fresh horses, baggage, and servants, having been left at Puenta La Reyna, a toothbrush carried in my holster, (a light-fingered Spaniard having deprived me of one of my pistols) was the only part of my goods I possessed, and therefore I was truly anxious once

more to move, were it only to obtain the luxury of a clean shirt.

At this period, Cordova, having received despatches from Madrid, informing him that Count Almodávar, the minister of war, had the intention of visiting his head quarters, as also of inspecting the British legion, determined to pay General Evans another visit at Briviesca, and therefore detached a brigade to bring up the baggage from Puenta la Reyna; so large a force being absolutely necessary to keep off the peseteros and partidas, who are constantly on the *qui vive* to pounce upon such prizes. This intelligence rejoiced me not a little, as it offered the hopes of again meeting some friends amongst the auxiliaries; the letters which had reached me latterly not having contained the most pleasing intelligence relative to their state of efficiency or necessary resources; added to which General Evans had been for several days confined to his bed, and reports were various as to his actual danger. On the third day, we commenced our return to Logrono, marching over a line of country which I have already described; this movement was performed in two days without falling in with any part of the enemy, but on our arrival, Cordova, having suffered greatly in health, from his late fatigues, determined to halt for a

time, very much to my disappointment. Indeed, so debilitated did he find himself, that after a few days' repose, being prepared to continue the journey, he resolved on making use of his carriage to Briviesca, for which place (the intermediate country being tolerably free from danger,) we started on the twenty-sixth. One of Cordova's aides-de-camp and myself having accepted the loan of an old French cabriolet, we made the best of our way after the chief, who was accompanied by the portly providore of the army.

This was my first attempt at Spanish posting, somewhat different from the most humble in old England. In fact, what with bad roads, bad mules, and worse driving, we were almost beat into a jelly by the time we arrived at Briones, which was about half our journey; there we found Espartero, now Count Luchana, who, having arrived the previous night at Haro, had ridden forward a distance of about two leagues to meet Cordova. This event delayed us until the following afternoon, when once more, being almost jammed into our French cab, which, from its narrow construction, was any thing but an agreeable vehicle, we proceeded *en route* to Briviesca, which place we at length reached about ten o'clock on the night of the 27th of

November, when I was much grieved to find the general still confined to his bed, having been a great sufferer for more than ten days. The legion had evidently greatly improved even during the short period that had elapsed since our last visit. I was, however, much astonished, and not less grieved, to find that resources of all kinds were beginning to fail, and little or no money was in the military chest, although General Evans had made more than one application to Madrid. The officers of the legion, at the same time, with much generosity, and with great and praiseworthy good-feeling, and patience, declined receiving more than one-third of their pay for the quarter, in order to relieve the government, who were much pressed for money.

Notwithstanding this liberal sacrifice on their part, the finance minister failed in paying this paltry sum, which to many of the subaltern officers was a source of actual distress, and to all a matter of much discomfort and inconvenience, as even those who had private resources could not make them available in an enemy's country. All the return they have met with for their upright forbearance, has been ill advised jealousy and abuse from the Spaniards themselves, and bad faith on be-

half of the government at Madrid, by whose command and arrangement, the signature of their own ambassador at the court of London was affixed to a contract, granting them pay for their services equal to that of the British army; this by every mean and ungenerous act they have since endeavoured to avoid, although the articles of agreement were signed, sealed, and published to the world before a single man entered the service.

General Evans, feeling better the day following our arrival, and, notwithstanding his sufferings, ever ready to exert himself, left a bed of sickness and pain to visit the commander-in-chief, who was also an invalid. The minister of war, Count Almodavar, and General Alava, whom we had expected to find on our arrival at Briviesca, were at that time prevented leaving the capital; but Cordova was accompanied by a rich contractor who undertook to supply the legion with necessaries at a price which enabled him to pocket, without any great qualms of conscience, about sixty per cent. for his trouble. The arrangements and contracts thus entered into, and confirmed on the part of Cordova, with numerous assurances that magazines should be formed for the use of the legion, added to other plans determined on at this meeting, decided

the fate of the auxiliaries, who were once more under orders to march to Vittoria by Pancorbo and Miranda del Ebro.

It is scarcely necessary that I should make further comment on these hurried movements; without magazines or resources of any kind, or at most, assurances from a Spanish contractor that they should be provided; the troops having very recently performed a hard march of more than ten days, their shoes and clothes were beginning to shew the ill effects of bad roads and the worst of nightly accommodations. No supplies of any sort were in the hands of the quartermasters of regiments; no money in the men's pockets to provide themselves with the most common necessaries; and in addition to these overwhelming ills, little or no funds remained in the military chest; fortunately, the horrors of sickness had not then begun to shew themselves. The few comforts the men were enabled to avail themselves of were supplied by the generosity of the colonels of regiments, as far as their private means would allow, and yet these troops had then been the short space of only three months in Spain. Could it be otherwise than expected that a spirit of discontent, which I regretted to observe, should have already begun to manifest itself? In vain was it hoped that proper and de-

cided measures would have at once been taken by the Spanish government to prevent the progress of such misfortunes as must necessarily be caused by an accumulation of such circumstances. A subsequent period lamentably and cruelly destroyed the hopes entertained.

Once more, hasty and unpleasant news from the theatre of war in Navarre called for the commander-in-chief's attention in that direction, and I was again doomed to seat myself in our old-fashioned and rickety cabriolet, to follow as speedily as two good mules would carry us, the movements of Cordova's light britchka, drawn by six mules. Those made use of for the purpose of drawing the artillery were most splendid animals, and from these, when travelling *en poste*, the chief ordered six to draw him the first few leagues, particularly when leaving a garrison, the drivers being armed and in uniform.

Colonel Tupper's regiment, or the Scotch, as they were called, were formed in front of the posada or inn, as we drove from the door. They were always considered as one of the best disciplined and most efficient in the legion, and their appearance on this occasion gave great hopes of what might be expected from them when brought in contact with the enemy; a character which subsequent events in every way confirmed, to say

nothing of the gallantry and spirit of their amiable commander, who fell when nobly leading them on to the attack of the Carlists' works before St. Sebastian, on the 5th of May, 1836. His strength and decision of character when coming to hard blows was well known, and his generous heart and manly bearing will long be remembered in the British army, in which he held the rank of captain. Six weeks after this date, a third of the unhappy men who on that day had every appearance of health and manly vigour, were confined in the hospitals of Vittoria (if such infamous accommodation and loathsome dens can be graced by the name) which the greater number of them never left, except to find a last home in the Spanish soil. After bidding adieu to the auxiliaries, we made the best of our way to Briones, passing through Pancorbo, which small town is extraordinarily situated at the entrance of the Garganta or gorge of Pancorbo, a most stupendous rupture in the mountain, leaving room only for the passing of the small river Oriceillo and the road to Vittoria, which follows its course at the foot of the rocky heights.

As we entered this gorge, the rocks rose around us in rude and ponderous masses, presenting a scene of much grandeur, and, as the chill winter's evening was closing on the wild

and solemn scene with early darkness, we felt inspired with silent awe. My hitherto mixed feeling of admiration and excitement, for we were not without danger of meeting with some straggling Carlists, was shortly changed into a feeling of absurdity, as, having emerged from this pass of grandeur, a sudden and violent gust of wind so filled the head of the French vehicle, that its force proving superior to the two unfortunate creatures we had exchanged for our hardy mules at the last post-house, (one being a fat squab poney, the other a lengthy animal of the Castilian breed,) on our ascending a hill which was fortunately not a very precipitous one, we found ourselves all of a sudden in the position of men who were cutting somersets backwards, our legs being towards the sky. Notwithstanding this, we escaped without further injury than an hour's shivering on the high road. Our position, however, might have been of a more serious nature, as no house was within call; Cordova's better horsed conveyance quite distanced our unfortunate postilion, whose style of riding and equipment had hitherto called forth shouts of laughter from myself and my *compagnon de voyage.*

No enemy luckily appeared; but there we remained, and, as far as he was concerned, we

might have continued in this unpleasant situation, at the risk of our lives, for the remainder of the night, as, instead of offering the slightest assistance, he commenced a chase after his cap, which had been carried across the fields by the tempest, leaving both us and his cattle to act as we thought fit; in consequence of which, the lean animal, disengaging himself from his short, fat companion, took an opposite line of country from our conductor, and, having discovered a grass field, began quietly and deliberately to roll, and then feed. At length, after much talking, swearing, and threatening (always at the command of the Spanish peasant, as well as of the Don), my companion recalled Signor Frederico, and in the mean time, being relieved from our unpleasant situation, we mended our rope traces, and at length arrived at Briones, not, however, until we had run many narrow risks of having our bones broken by Frederico's infamous driving and the badness of the roads.

On our arrival at Briones, Cordova was in some surprise and alarm at our delay, he having preceded us by at least two hours. He was, however, much amused, as were also the padrone and padrona of the house in which he was quartered, at my account, in bad Spanish, of our disasters, and my vows never to trust myself

again to the Signor's driving. In this I kept my determination the following day, riding on to Logrono, in which manner I ever after performed my journeys, whether on duty or pleasure. After some agreeable conversation, I bid good night to the chief and his party, and sought the house which the alcalde had placed at my disposal. It proved both clean and comfortable; and, for the first time since I had been in the country, I was greeted by the landlord's proposal that I should join the family meal; or, if more agreeable, he would send me some refreshment to a private room. The former courtesy I willingly accepted, and sat down with a good-humoured country farmer and his family to a substantial supper of fish from the Ebro, eggs, and tortula, or omelet of potatoes, which was most palatable. My host informed me, that all the inhabitants of Briones and the immediate neighbourhood were liberals, with the exception of four proprietors, who had joined Don Carlos's standard; and as we smoked our cigars, which always follow a Spanish repast, he overwhelmed me with questions relative to the British auxiliaries, their numerical strength, discipline, and amount of pay. With some difficulty, I explained matters to his satisfaction; and we parted company for the night, both equally

pleased; he with my account, and I with his hospitality.

Notwithstanding feverish dreams of carriages upsetting, battle, murder, and bad aguardente punch, which my good-natured host had pressed freely on my notice, I managed to sleep until a pale-faced member of the establishment, with two long plaited tails of hair hanging at her back, unstockinged feet, and with hands dirty enough to place all her other charms in the background, awoke me, by asking if I desired chocolate,—" Quiere usted chocolata, signor?"—the invariable morning offering of every Spaniard, from the grandee to the most humble peasant. It is not, however, to be imagined that a cup of chocolate in Spain is similar to a cup of chocolate in England: it is neither enriched with cream nor contained in an ample china cup; far from it—a small-sized coffee-cup, the contents of which are as thick as jelly, is all you have to expect; and yet this is by no means a bad resource, on commencing a journey, with little prospect of any thing else until your day's work is over. Having therefore accepted the signora's offer, I hastily dressed, lighted my cigarillo, and then visited the Commander-in-chief's quarters, to inquire what were the movements for the morning. His staff arrived shortly after from

Haro, from whence they had ridden that morning, bringing up also our servants and baggage. I resigned my seat in the cab, and mounting a nag, on whose back I felt far more secure and comfortable, continued the route to Logrono, passing once more through the heroic little village of Ceneciro, and Fuenmayor. On arriving at the latter place, and finding that we were accompanied by the *batterie de cuisine* and provision mules of the Commander-in-chief, who had preceded us in his carriage, his brother, Colonel Cordova, proposed that we should halt for another hour, and tax the curé's generosity for a good bottle of Riocca wine, to add to the cold viands which the baskets were found to contain, and which proved to be delicacies rarely met with when campaigning. The curé proved as liberal in mind as he was known to be in political opinions; and so readily and so abundantly did he supply us from his well-stored cellar (the produce of the neighbouring vineyards), that right merrily did we continue our ride to Logrono. On our arrival there we found that news had been received, which, for the time, spread much enthusiasm amongst the Christino army, and considerably altered the chief's previous determination and intended movements,—scarcely ever absolutely known, in this unhappy

state of warfare, until an hour before they are put in execution, every trifling march of the enemy naturally obliging a change in the plans of their adversaries.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ye men who pour your blood for Queens as water,
What have they given your bravery in return ?
An heritage of servitude and woes ;
A blindfold bondage where your hire is blows.

Led partly by a feeling of vanity, partly from the desire of exciting his own troops as well as from the general effect ; the wish of Cordova had been that of entering Vittoria at the head of the British auxiliary troops, who were to march to that city on the first of December 1835, two days subsequent to our leaving Briviesca. Circumstances had, notwithstanding, obliged him to hurry back to that part of the army which was concentrated on the line of the Ebro and Navarre, and I shall therefore take this opportunity of adding a translation of the order issued by this general to his troops a short time

previously, on the occasion of British aid entering the country to co-operate with his army.

" The General in Chief to the army of operations of the North.

" The auxiliary troops in the service of our august Queen, who are come to defend the throne, liberty, and our laws,—thereby contributing to the triumph of the projects of civilization, and to the establishment of tranquillity in this unfortunate country, which is at present the theatre of the horrors introduced therein by ambition and fanaticism,—are arriving in numbers in our ports and are on their march to occupy provisionally some of the fortified points in the insurgent provinces. On this account, and full of the confidence with which I am inspired by the sentiments of the whole army towards such generous and gallant auxiliaries, I therefore particularly recommend to all chiefs, officers, and men belonging to the said army, to do honour to the sentiments of the Spanish people, whenever they may be brought into communication with the said foreign troops, and that they will convince them, by their attentions and fraternal amity, how grateful the nation and the army feel for the noble resolution, and that no other jealousy or rivalship can find entrance into our hearts than

what may be suggested by emulation and the noble pride of struggling on the field of battle for the laurel and the glory which are the due recompense of valour and heroism, shewing on all occasions our anxiety to retain the only prerogative to which we can justly lay claim over the said troops, *viz.* that in our own cause we may have the first post in the fatigues, privations, and dangers of the war, and the last in taking repose.

"I flatter myself that this gallant army will recognise me in these sentiments, not only as their chief, but also as the organ of those feelings by which that army is animated. I therefore abstain from enumerating those most severe penalties, with which I will punish whomsoever shall fail in these respects, and in those sacred observances which we are called upon by hospitality and gratitude to fulfil towards the said foreign troops.

(Signed) "LOUIS FERNANDEZ CORDOVA.

"Head Quarters, Logrono."

Had the theoretically noble sentiments and feelings expressed in the above order ever been put in practice, how sincerely, how ardently, would they not only have been felt, but appreciated; the world is, however, fully aware of the

absurdity and hypocrisy of the whole affair, and the abundant jealousy, intrigue, and want, at times, even of courtesy, which have too painfully erased even the finer feelings that such an order at first occasioned in the breasts of all.

Despatches having arrived at Logrono, informing us that the division of Guergué, four thousand strong, which had been followed by Brigadier Vigo, was intercepted on the borders of Arragon by that general and part of the Algerine legion, who obliged him to retrace his steps to Navarre with a loss of two-thirds of his division, four hundred of whom had been made prisoners; (news at the same time arrived, informing us that the Carlists were concentrating in considerable force in the neighbourhood of Salvatierra and the environs of Vittoria), and the commander-in-chief was determined to rejoin the British auxiliaries, and enter that city in conjunction with them.

His object in this measure was, as I have already stated, to produce a moral effect on the inhabitants and the world at large; the former appeared to me to be seldom inspired,—what the latter might have been, I will not presume to infer. Indeed, the delusion of all parties throughout Spain is so great, from their having been so frequently and so cruelly deceived,

that their disbelief of each other is universal; and it was with much difficulty I could persuade many of the Navarrese, and other inhabitants of the provinces through which I passed, previously to the English having appeared in a more central position, that a legion had actually arrived in the country. So great—so bitter is the determination of both parties to keep all communication from the soldiers, and to deceive and delude them by every species of exaggeration and falsehood, that on my questioning the Carlist prisoners as to their belief in the existence of a British auxiliary force in Spain, they unhesitatingly declared in the negative,—their officers having assured them that England had only supplied arms, ammunition, and red clothing, in which the Christinos were habited.

Previously to our leaving Logroño, I had the pleasure of witnessing the arrival of the fourth battalion of the royal guard from Madrid, who came to relieve the second battalion, who were once more to return to their homes and families and friends in the capital, after having served with the Army of the North since the commencement of the war. The numerical strength of these battalions varies from eight hundred to a thousand:—the fourth being of the latter number, the army were gainers by two hundred. It

has been imagined generally, until recent events have covered the Biscayan vallies with dead, that the loss arising from the nature of the warfare in which these brave men had been and were to be engaged, has, generally speaking, been comparatively trifling, when reckoning the numerous engagements;—such, however, is far from being the fact; and as one instance of hideous mortality, the gallant colonel who commanded the regiment about to bid adieu to their companions in arms assured me, that not less than ninety officers of this individual battalion had fallen a sacrifice during the war,—many having been killed in action, and the remainder, having been taken prisoners, were shot, according to the barbarous practice of giving no quarter, adopted previously to the Eliot treaty. I can also add from the best authority, that more than one company, consisting of a hundred men of this battalion, had been entirely re-levied, every man having fallen.

Feelings of sincere regret overwhelmed my heart, on hearing these painful accounts of the comrades of this fine body of men,—as, headed by their beautiful band, playing patriotic airs, they marched with bright and gladdened countenances from scenes of carnage, fatigue, horror, and deprivation, once more to greet their friends, after so long an absence, amidst the dangers and

curses of civil war;—far more painful were my feelings, at the knowledge of how few amongst those that were then on their return in December, 1835, had left Madrid at the commencement of the war. Yet was this battalion (covered with military glory, and cherished for its good conduct, discipline, and bravery by all Christino hearts), the first to draw their arms in the presence of a Royal Mother, and by their revolutionary bearing, to spread fresh convulsions throughout their already broken-hearted country.

To resume my account of our movements, which were constant and fatiguing, at periods offering incidents of more than common excitement and interest, at others presenting only scenes of desolation and regret;—I must again retrace our steps by the banks of the Ebro, a line of country which, to me, had already lost its novelty, to say nothing of eight Castilian leagues of most uninteresting road, with a bleak wind and drizzling snow, to which, throughout our ride, we were necessitated to submit, until, wet and half-frozen, we at last arrived at Haro, which place I have already described. It was always a source of pleasure when I returned to the Legion, as I had there the society of my countrymen, and, however I might deplore the

cause that required their assistance, I could not but be interested in all their undertakings. On this occasion, I experienced the greater satisfaction from the anticipation that a time was near at hand, when the combined forces of Cordova's army and the Legion would at length be brought into active service, and with such effect, that the hopes of terminating the existing miseries of Spain would be considerably advanced; and such hopes ought undoubtedly to have been realized, had not the ever-to-be-lamented jealousy, intrigue, want of firmness and decision, so innate and so prominent in the Spanish character, high and low, at the present hour as in years gone by, proved a stumbling-block to the best intentions of their allies.

Such were the obstacles which the auxiliaries have had to contend with through the whole period of their service; a fact, which sufficiently proves, how numerous those must have been that offered themselves to be contended with, totally distinct from that which arose from the numerical force of Don Carlos's army: yet, were they ever unwilling to risk their lives when duty called? To do them justice, particularly the officers, never!—yet, how well, how generously all their sufferings have been requited, their present state can best answer!

We halted only one night at Haro; making, early the following morning, our utmost speed by a mountainous and short road of only three leagues distance, to Miranda del Ebro. Here we expected to fall in with the auxiliary division. Their powers of marching had, however, proved so far superior to what Cordova had calculated on, that their good spirit and enthusiastic wish to overcome all difficulties, had enabled their gallant general to continue his march at once to Vittoria. We therefore only delayed one hour to refresh ourselves at Miranda, and then rode on to La Puebla, crossing the bridge of Armenion, which had been well restored and put into a very efficient state of defence, since the destruction of it by the Carlists in the month of October previous.

In addition to the garrison, the small town of La Puebla was filled with the advanced guard of the Army of the North, which had arrived before us from Logrono, and, in consequence, our chief was anxious to continue his route; yet the night was coming on, and the danger on that line of road, which was at all times unpleasant to pass, from the Carlist partidas, who are ever to be found moving about the woods and mountains in the neighbourhood, became more so after dark, and this confirmed Cordova in the plan of

halting for the night. A slight attack on the following day, proved what might have been our reception, had we continued our advance; and from all accounts gleaned on the road, the British had preceded us by several hours. We were, therefore, compelled to look out for a resting place; it was not, however, until I had been drenched through and through, for the rain fell in torrents, that I succeeded in obtaining shelter even for my horses, and several hours had elapsed before I was fairly housed myself.

Weary and dispirited, I threw myself on a dirty and uncomfortable bed, which I found in one corner of the miserable lodging that I had the luck of obtaining entrance to. No sooner, however, had I fairly settled myself within its drapery, than the horrors of dripping wet sheets discovered themselves. For this there was no remedy; fire there was none, and I might have used my lungs in all the languages under the sun without hopes of relief; I therefore threw off the offending sheets, and, rolling myself in the blankets, thus passed a most disagreeable night. The morning found me with evident symptoms of approaching fever, and as we continued our ride, I was overcome with violent headache and sufferings in all my bones, not at any time pleasant associates, but more

particularly disagreeable, when obliged to submit to the jogging pace of a line of march, mounted on an English thorough-bred, totally unaccustomed to such a duty, and who, with a feeling of degradation at the solemnity of the pace, appeared to avenge himself by bumping me the more.

In the course of conversation this morning with General Cordova, he informed me, that El Rio de St. Vicente, a noted Carlist leader, had been surprised and taken with all his party. This individual has since been exchanged, and I understand was mortally wounded in a recent affair. The rain continued to fall in torrents during our march, added to which, on our arrival at the village of Nandares, which is situated on the banks of the Zadora, we found the woody slopes occupied by a party of douaneros who, ever on the alert, saluted our ears with a few bullets, although at a considerable distance from the high road by which we were moving. Cordova despatched a party of his carabineros or escort, (whom I have already had occasion to mention), who speedily cleared the ground of these unwelcome intruders, one man only being wounded.

On arriving within a league of Vittoria, we met with General Evans, accompanied by his staff, who had ridden forward to meet the

Commander-in-chief. Numerous congratulations passed between all parties, on the Legion having penetrated so far into the Carlist country, and the general's renewed health. We made our entrance once more into the city of Vittoria amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, the ringing of bells, flying of flags, and numerous other public demonstrations of joy, as pleasant to the eye, and as generous in outward appearance, as they were heartless and unmeaning. This picture, unfortunately, held forth no inspiring hopes of future events. I was already too painfully aware of the want of those moral feelings on the part of most Spaniards, which can only be the means of eradicating the crimes of jealousy and intrigue from the heart. Even amid the abundance of this display, I could not banish from my mind the thought that, even when surrounded by the outward forms of good fellowship, ill-will and hatred were evidently lurking in their hearts, and the sources whence these honours originated have been only too painfully proved by all that has since occurred. The fever and illness which had overcome me during the morning, and with which I had in vain endeavoured to struggle, became worse, on my entry amidst the noise and bustle of such a meeting; by the advice of medical

men I was obliged to confine myself to my bed, instead of entering into any of the numerous festivities which were prepared for the meeting of the two forces in this city.

The day following our arrival, the British Legion, which then consisted, at the utmost, of five thousand efficient men, were drawn out in the immediate vicinity of Vittoria for the inspection of the Commander-in-chief; sickness, I regret to say, prevented my being present on this occasion. I was, however, much gratified by the opinion of more than one superior officer as to their steadiness and general appearance; the only fault generally complained of, was the ragged condition of their clothes. Surely, this fault could not originate with General Evans, otherwise it would speedily have been remedied; and I must observe, that it was more than once publicly declared, that clothes had been sent out by the Spanish agents in England. If such were the fact, which there is reason for doubting, some misfortune must have occurred to them *en route*, as none had ever reached the head-quarters during the winter months of 1836, with the exception of those supplied by a most exemplary English house at Madrid, and with few of these were the men enabled to supply themselves, having received no pay for several months. This

deficiency was subsequently felt the more, from the very deplorable state of the convents and barracks in which the auxiliaries were quartered; bedding of any sort not being supplied to one-fifth of the men, in consequence of which, hundreds of these unfortunate allies were necessitated to sleep in their clothes for weeks, on the hard stony floors, without even straw to protect their aching bones or to cover them from the inclemency of the weather. The heart burns with indignation when referring to Cordova's order and beholding such scenes, which in themselves prove how cruelly and falsely the honourable sentiments therein expressed were acted up to, as regards these ill used troops.

After several days confinement to my bed, my health improved, and I once more rallied myself, being anxious to return to my duties, added to the anticipation of some general movement to the interior of Alava. Whether the Commander-in-chief had at that moment formed any plan of operations, I am unable to state, as a courier arriving from Madrid informed us, that the minister of war in company with General Alava (who was then proceeding by way of Santander, to take the duties of ambassador at Paris) might be expected in the course of a few days at Burgos. Both commanders at once determined to proceed

to that town. I was rejoiced at having so far recovered as to be enabled to accompany them, by which means I had an opportunity of visiting that ancient city, interesting from the place it bears in the annals of the Peninsular war, and abounding with reminiscences of heroic deeds and services, in addition to its being the birthplace of the Cid.

On the first day of our departure we only returned to Miranda del Ebro, at which place, having performed the journey on horseback, we halted for the night. After having crossed the Ebro at this town, the sentiments of the peasantry and inhabitants in general became altered; so much so, that, if a band of guerillas, commanded by the curé Merino, were not infesting the mountains in the neighbourhood of Burgos, which was frequently the case, an individual might travel without an escort; and even when this bloody-minded and cruel priest was on the south of the Ebro, a small force of cavalry was a sufficient protection.

The commander-in-chief was anxious that the minister of war, as also General Evans, should accompany him to the right of the line of operations at Pampeluna, previously to returning to Vittoria. To this wish, General Evans had acceded, and in consequence, not only sent back

orders to Vittoria for the remainder of his staff to meet him at Logrono, but determined also on taking with him the first regiment of auxiliary lancers, who then occupied the barracks of Burgos, for the better means of accommodation and conditioning their horses, in the anticipation that their appearance in Navarre might have the effect of opening the eyes of the inhabitants, as to the actual fact of there being such a force in the country, about which they had many doubts. With this intent, accompanied by a secretary of Cordova's, I hastened, the following morning, to Burgos, with orders that the regiment should prepare itself to march at a moment's notice.

We did not this time attempt to avail ourselves of the cabriolet, but journeyed *en poste*, for the better haste, that is to say, we rode post-horses, post-ponies, or mules, — whatever, in short, each relay might be provided with,—this being a customary manner of travelling in Spain, particularly when bearing despatches. Being on royal service, we found no difficulty in obtaining quadrupeds, such as they were; and, moreover, we were permitted to gallop these unfortunate animals from post-house to post-house, holding them tight in hand, to prevent their taking a position of prayer, to which the appearance of their knees generally gave ample testimony of

their being well accustomed; thus, notwithstanding the defects of our cattle, two hours' travelling in this manner, brought us to Briviesca, a distance of seven Castilian leagues,—about four-and-twenty miles. Here we halted to refresh ourselves, and change nags for mules, and found several batteries of the legion artillery, which had arrived only two days previously from Santander.

On my informing the officer commanding, that the two chiefs might be expected to pass through the town in the course of the afternoon, on their road to Burgos, he ordered his batteries to be fully equipped, and drawn out on an open space fronting the posada, or inn, at which they were expected to change horses. I thus had an opportunity of witnessing, for the first time, the horses that had been sent out from England by the contractors, to draw the splendid pieces of light artillery provided by the British Government for the service of Queen Isabella: I have understood, that the sum of six-and-twenty pounds sterling was the contract price allowed by Spain for the purchase of these animals; whether more or less, they were equally unfit to perform the severe work of dragging guns over many of the mountainous and bad roads of North Spain. The men, however, a number of

whom had already served in that superb and efficient branch of our own service, were well drilled in gunnery, and in a very tolerable state of discipline; their favourable appearance at that period gave hopes of their future acts, which have been admirably sustained throughout the period of their service.

We remained only a short hour at Briviesca, where, having provided ourselves with fresh quadrupeds, we again started for Burgos, at which place we arrived about seven o'clock the same evening, having performed a distance of sixty English miles in about five hours. My first object was to discover the cavalry barracks, and deliver my orders: all the officers appeared delighted at a move which might chance to bring them into active service, Burgos being totally free from the bustle and anxiety of those places nearer the theatre of active contention. It is surprising,—yet, on calmer reflection, how true is the fact!—that the heart of a soldier, ever wretched during inactivity, thirsts for the occasion which may bring him into scenes of bloodshed, where he, or those most his friends, may fall.

My next search was for the house of the Marquis di Castro, where accommodation was prepared for the generals, who shortly after made

their appearance. Neither the minister of war nor Count Alava had then arrived; and not having recovered from my recent illness at Vittoria, I was too glad to retire to rest. The variety of movements we had experienced in our various changes during the day from horse to mule, and mule to pony, although without having jolted our bones quite so much as did the French cab, had nevertheless, constituted a hard day's riding, under circumstances of some danger and anxiety; and this was sufficient to exhaust one, already an invalid:—thus closed a day which to me was the forerunner of sickness and pain almost unto death.

CHAPTER XV.

To horse ! to horse ! he quits, for ever quits,
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul.

General Evans was on the alert the following morning, and I accompanied him to the barracks, which we had time to look through, as the lancers were preparing to proceed on their march to Logrono. The building itself is entirely of stone, and of considerable dimensions, having accommodation for at least fifteen hundred men and horses. The stables are large and airy, and well supplied with good water in the square of the barrack. Forage is also plentiful in the immediate neighbourhood, and of the best quality, that is to say, straw and barley, the only really good ration in that part of Spain, and from the vast and well cultivated plains of old Castile, always obtainable. The regiment

was not long in being ready, and mounted for the line of march: the horses had gained much in their condition during the short period they had occupied this quarter.

Many of the men, however, totally unaccustomed to riding on their arrival in Spain, had still but moderate seats on horse-back; nevertheless, they looked healthy and cheerful, and well prepared to undertake the fatiguing duties on which they were about to enter. The bugle having sounded, this gallant regiment, consisting then of about three hundred mounted men, with bright countenances and high spirits formed into their respective troops, and bid adieu to Burgos. A few of the bitter months of the winter of 1836, added to sickness and want, reduced them to half their numbers, and their horses, from want of proper forage, became weak, out of condition, and in many cases unfit for duty, such is the fate of war.

We now turned our steps to other objects, and I experienced much gratification in walking over the works and heights of this ancient city, with one who not only had been there during the war of independence, but was fully competent both from his talent and lucid explanations, to add interest to every object worthy of notice, in this city. We visited the remains of the an-

cient castle, and from the eminence on which it is placed, had a beautiful view of the extensive and well cultivated valley of Allanson, in which the city stands. At the castle, we found many men employed in working at the fortifications, who might have been far more useful elsewhere, and at the time it appeared to me a frivolous waste of men and money, so far from the scene of actual hostilities; on the batteries were several pieces of splendid artillery of all sizes and calibre, why they were remaining useless at Burgos, was incomprehensible, when so much wanted on the line of the Ebro, and at the suggestion of General Evans, several were since sent to Miranda and Vittoria. We visited also the cathedral, which is a magnificent gothic structure in the form of a cross, with a single nave, the choir being beautifully ornamented with carved oak: a vast sum of money has been recently thrown away on gorgeous and absurd modern decorations, the contributors to the payment of which, are doubtless amongst the number of those who supply the military chest of Don Carlos's army.

The convent of Miraflores, as also that of St. Pedro, the latter of which contains the remains of the Cid, are also in the immediate neighbourhood. The city of Burgos in itself is like most others that it fell to my lot to see whilst in Spain,

both dirty and irregularly built; the public square being the principal object of attraction. I should, however, in justice observe, that the constant interchange of troops, added to the great anxiety that prevails in those towns near the seat of war, must necessarily affect the general attention to matters of minor importance; and the draining of resources, to supply the expences of the government, shuts the public purse against all matters of improvement or taste. Having walked to every part of the town in hopes of meeting with objects to recall the ancient days of splendour of the city, but in vain, I proceeded to the house of the Marquis, where dinner was prepared for his distinguished guests. Marquis, or peasant, however, there appeared to me little difference in a Spanish dinner, which invariably commences with soup, good or bad, as it may happen; then bouilli, cabbage, and carabansos (a large species of dried pea boiled), and ends with dried raisins, the intermediate plats, at times abundant, although from their oily composition rarely inviting.

On this occasion, I was far too unwell to do justice to any fare, however tempting, and from an unexpected accident we were put to a very disagreeable inconvenience. Courtesy had placed a room at the disposal of General Evans, con-

taining a luxury of rare occurrence in Spain, in the form of a good fire-place, at the appearance of which his English servant was so much gratified, that, being determined to make the best of it, he heaped an unnecessary quantity of logs on the flame; the consequence of which was, that the chimney, not having been swept for centuries, ignited, and the consternation amongst the household became as over-whelming as it was ridiculous, for, having no idea of putting out the fire, they pulled the whole of the mantelpiece and front of the room to the ground; thus we were not only deprived of this God-send, but obliged to submit as a *dernier ressort* to a brasero, or pan of burning embers, the preventative of cold in mos houses of Castile: this being placed under the table, roasted the feet of those who were near enough to take advantage of it, and left the body (for it was intensely cold) as frozen as before.

During this dinner, a burning heat, accompanied with shiverings, seized me, and the instant I had the power of making a retreat, I hurried to my bed, when I soon discovered that I was in a high fever. On the arrival of a Spanish medical man, who had been sent for, he bled me as I had never before been bled, and refusing my repeated demands for medicine, applied a blister to

the back of my head, he then left me with the unpleasant feeling of being at least unfit to follow the active operations of the army for a length of time; if not a subject for a Spanish grave.

The following day, the expected ministers arrived; I was, however, unable to quit my bed; for the Spanish barber had the night previous made so free with his lancet, as to leave me from debility in a state of absolute helplessness. In this unfortunate dilemma, during which I experienced the attentions of many for whom I shall ever entertain a grateful remembrance, the Commander-in-chief, in company with the war minister and General Evans, left for Navarre, a circumstance which greatly added to my feverish and excited state of health, as I was naturally very anxious not to lose any opportunity of seeing active service. Count Alava, however, remained several days at Burgos, being like myself, an invalid, and I had therefore an opportunity of once more seeing this amiable and excellent man, the friend of the Duke of Wellington, and now the sufferer for his honesty and manly firmness of opinion. Irritated and distracted by an illness which detained me inactive, and away from the army, I was glad to take advantage of the kindness of

the then deputy of the city of Vittoria to return there in his carriage. Making, therefore, an effort to gain sufficient strength, I released myself from the hands of the leeches, as I was anxious for the assistance and advice of my own countrymen, although perfectly unfit to take such a journey. I nevertheless, happily succeeded in accomplishing it without danger. The consequence of so much fatigue compelled me, on my arrival, to return to a sick bed, from which I was not again free for several weeks. I must now, however, draw a veil over my own sufferings in relating those of my comrades.

General Evans had accompanied the Commander-in-chief to Pampeluna; anxious, however, to return to his own head quarters, he was induced to remain there only three days; after which, he hurried back to Vittoria, bringing as an escort the first regiment of lancers, which had been halted at Logrono. The weather, which had been more or less severe since the commencement of November, now set in with unparalleled bitterness for Spain. The sickness amongst the troops which, until that period, had only partially shewn itself, gradually increased, with the alarming accompaniment of typhus fever, which was daily gaining ground. The reply to all the inquiries made of the medical

officers as to the cause and origin of so dreadful a disease, and at such a period of the year, was invariably, that it was solely to be attributed to the want of proper accommodation, bad food, little clothing, and, indeed, the absence of all the necessaries of life.

In vain did General Evans make application after application to the Government and the local authorities, informing them of the probable consequences to the health of the army; yet were these solemn representations and forewarnings (founded on the reports of the medical officers and other evident facts) disregarded, although it was positively affirmed such privations would vitally affect the efficiency of the Legion; this a short time after proved too painfully to be the case, from the numerous deaths that constantly occurred. Difficulties were even experienced in providing the necessary arrangements for each day's consumption, although again and again reports were made to those bound to supply them; and frequently, when the men have been exhausted with hunger, has the ration been issued reeking from the slaughter-house. The consequences of this unhappy state of things had already begun too dreadfully to manifest themselves, when the general returned from Navarre on Christmas-

day. No exertion,—no fatigue of body or mind,—no sacrifice even of personal property, was wanting on his part to counteract the depressing effects of these unexpected calamities on the Auxiliaries. Numerous reports were in circulation at this period, with regard to the unhappy sufferers, and it has been generally imagined, that much of their misery was brought on by excess; far from it. During the worst part of the fever, and when it was raging with its most baneful effects, I was at Vittoria; and I take leave to say, that my heart beats with national pride, when I feel I have the power of contradicting the calumny.

Speaking comparatively, for the number of the troops, the effects of cold weather, and depression throughout the division, I never witnessed a period with fewer men in a state of intoxication, or fewer cases of insubordination arising from drunkenness. In fact, from the period of my landing in Spain, and taking into consideration the class of men recruited, and their previous habits, I was astonished at the great sobriety of the whole force. It is true, that they were for months without the means of providing themselves with wine or spirits of any sort; nevertheless, when they had money, the drunkards were not so numerous as might

have been expected from the cheapness of the wine. Alas! I fear the privations of want and actual misery, arising from the bad faith and neglect of those in whose cause they had embarked, was the excess from which arose their principal sufferings, and not that of drink: very little wine, and that even of the worst sort, ever fell to their lot. Notwithstanding this dreadful state of calamity, that daily, nay, hourly discovered itself more distressingly, the men of the Legion manifested a spirit of courage and submission seldom equalled by far better troops.

A variety of reports were in circulation as to the movements of the Carlists, and Cordova was daily expected to join the army at Vittoria with an additional force. That a combined movement would take place on his arrival we scarcely doubted, and all parties were equally in expectation that something at last was likely to take place. The Carlists had already fortified and barricaded themselves at the castle of Guevara, (which place I have already alluded to in my account of the actions of the 27th and 28th of October,) part of their force also occupying Salvatierra and Salinas, with the mountainous line of Arlaban which joins them, their outposts being in the immediate neighbourhood of Vit-

toria; indeed, they carried their daring hardihood to such a height, that it was a well-known fact, that many of them were in the habit of appearing at night without the barricades of the city, on the northern side; and having received money and different articles from their friends within the walls, they actually discharged their fire-arms at the sentries, as they said, to keep them on the alert. Such was their facility of escape, that it was an impossibility to prevent such things from occurring, although ten thousand Christinos quietly reposed within the city.

Cordova at last joined us from Navarre, accompanied by the war minister; and in consequence, reports daily thickened as to what would be the intended movements. Fresh troops arrived with artillery,—scaling ladders and intrenching tools without number,—no greater preparations could have been made had the taking of Paris been proposed. Guevara and Salvatierra were the only names pestered into our ears every minute of the day, to the great annoyance of all those who were really anxious to witness the termination of so lamentable and unchristian a war, without wasting valuable time and money in unavailable plans. It appeared from what I had already been informed, that it was the Commander-in-chief's intention to make a combined

movement on Salvatierra and Guevara, and after having possessed himself of these positions by strongly garrisoning the former and occupying the latter, he should in some measure be enabled to open the line of the Borunda to Pampeluna: thus cutting off a great part of the Carlist country, and dividing the kingdom of Navarre from the Provinces. This plan in itself was not only feasible,—at least, I am inclined to think so,—but its having been put into effect would doubtless have afforded the most favourable results; yet like numerous other plans, it was never executed, and thus the object was lost; fresh excuses being each morning in circulation, such as Cordova's illness,—want of money,—want of means,—and lastly, the non-arrival of the Algerine Legion, which was daily expected.

This really magnificent body of men, in force about three thousand bayonets, at length arrived; and never had I witnessed finer troops, who from their appearance, organization, and discipline, gave a higher opinion of their power to contend with all the difficulties and fatigues that were to be met with in such a war. A national animosity and spirit of hatred towards the French appears still to exist in the hearts of Spaniards, as no sort of enthusiasm showed itself on these brave men entering Vittoria, although they had

already most successfully distinguished themselves against the Carlists in several affairs since their first landing at Barcelona. The discipline of these troops appears to have been very severe, even to the extent of death. Be it as it may, they were well commanded, and most efficiently equipped; and had not the same want of faith caused discontent to enter their ranks as it did that of their allies, they would have been a most distinguished and useful division. Generally, the officers are French, and all words of command are given in that language. The men, however, are of many nations, but principally Germans and Poles; the remainder consisting of Prussians, and a few Scotch.

CHAPTER XVI.

Notre gloire est souvent,
L' ouvrage d'un sourire.

The arrival of this fine and well-appointed Legion inspired the Christino army, for the time, with fresh spirit and enthusiasm; and a proper emulation evinced itself throughout the troops of each nation to distinguish themselves against the enemy in the field of battle. Yet, from a variety of causes that I am unable to explain, one delay followed another, until the consequences of the extremely severe weather, added to the crowded state of the troops from so large a force being within the walls, and in the immediate environs of Vittoria, began to show themselves in the worst of forms: the usual supply even of forage for the horses could not be pro-

cured in sufficient quantities; and a party of cavalry were therefore sent almost daily to the neighbouring villages, when trifling affairs with some of the Carlist outposts constantly took place,—in one of which, some of the British Auxiliary lancers had a regular steeple-chase after a few of the Carlist cavalry, and succeeded in taking four of them.

To prevent in a measure the continuance of this state of things, General Evans determined on occupying several of the villages on the high Salvatierra road. In order to effect this plan, Matauco, Glarasa, and Elorriaga, were put into a state of temporary defence, the walls of each village being looped for musketry, and small guns placed on the church towers; and two brigades of the Legion were ordered to take up their quarters in these outposts, by which means we were enabled to open the road on the northern side of Vittoria, for about two leagues; all the villages on the southern side, through which ran the high Madrid road, being also placed in a state of defence, and occupied by the Christinos, as far as Miranda del Ebro, at which place the great danger then ceased.

The Carlists, notwithstanding, were far from leaving our outposts unmolested; every dark night they were certain to infest the villages, and,

being guided by the light of the picquet fires, they occasionally discharged their firelocks into the midst of the men who were enjoying the blaze. Fortunately, scarcely one casualty occurred.

During the time we were thus remaining inactive at Vittoria and its vicinity, the chapelgoris, or pesitero men (as they were generally termed, from their pay amounting to that sum per diem,) committed several depredations; and at last, not being contented with the plunder of fowls, sheep, &c., in which practice they were notoriously accomplished, they one day succeeded in not only stealing the few silver ornaments that remained in the village church where they were quartered, but committed the sacrilege of purloining the host also, leaving the unfortunate curé, who attempted at first to reason, and then to defend the sacred property, more dead than alive on the floor of the church.

On hearing of this offence, General Espartero made some few attempts to discover the offenders, but without success. His endeavours proving fruitless, he ordered the battalion to parade in an open space without the gates of Vittoria, and having formed the remaining troops in square, they surrounded it with fixed bayonets. Espartero then appealed once more to the men to give

up the offenders. This second attempt being equally unsuccessful, he promiscuously selected ten men from the regiment, who were instantly bound and shot; nine of them fell dead; the remaining unfortunate individual being only wounded, pleaded for mercy, which was awarded him, as he was a Frenchman, and solemnly denied having been near the church.

Doubtless, a severe example was necessary on this occasion, as robbery and plunder were not the most probable means of conciliating the unfortunate people, irritated as they were by their many and lamentable trials. It is, however, very much to be doubted, in the present state of civilized nations, whether thus, in cold blood, to deprive ten, perhaps, innocent men of their lives, after so few attempts to discover the true offenders, was not far too severe; and I am satisfied that the effect it had upon the generality of the officers of the Legion, was anything but creditable to Espartero.

The result of this barbarity—for I know no other term for it—was that of causing many of the brave men who had served in this fine corps to return to their homes, and probably many joined the army of Don Carlos; as although they were under strict military discipline during their period of service, this time was, nevertheless,

entirely optional, and they were free to disband at any moment.

The weather did not improve, neither did the dreadful state of sickness diminish; meanwhile supplies and cash became daily more difficult to obtain; still we remained at Vittoria, until the enthusiasm and good spirit of the troops had almost subsided into murmurs and discontent.

The anxious day, however, at length arrived, on which the combined forces were to march against the foe.

> The hour is nigh: now hearts beat high:
> Each sword is sharpened well;
> And who dares die—who stoops to fly—
> To-morrow's light shall tell.

Before giving an account of this movement, I shall insert a copy of the orders issued to the army by Cordova, on the 15th of January, the day previous to our leaving Vittoria:—

"General order.

"Comrades! — Forgetful of their former defeats on so many celebrated positions, and blinded by their overweening pride and confidence, the enemy are now on the heights of Arlaban, and have the presumption to defy our power. We accept their challenge: and to

satisfy your ardour, I am now about to lead you to battle—in other words, to victory !

"Let us all, then, call to mind the deep obligations we owe to our country—to the throne—and to the reputation of this brave army—at once our honour and our life: and the honours and rewards we have hitherto received would only serve to heighten our humiliation, were, soldiers, the day ever to arrive on which we should lose these distinctions.

"Comrades !—I ask not your confidence—for I know the extent to which I possess it—but I ask of you to preserve that perfect order which insures victory in action, and which at all times reflects honor on the profession of arms.

"Brave and generous foreigners, who are come to fight for the progress of civilisation !—Let us see, animated by a spirit of generous emulation, to which nation fortune will to-day award her favours, and victory her brightest crown.

"My heart, it is true, desires and disputes it for the warriors of my own country; but my equity will adjudge it to those who, the most favoured by fortune, shall have the best opportunity of deserving it. The bond which has united our efforts and our interests, places on the same basis the rights of those who fight for the cause of liberty.

"Spanish soldiers!—Let us act like the champions who were the most ancient possessors of freedom in Europe.

"Given at my head-quarters at Vittoria, 15th January, 1836,

(Signed) "CORDOVA."

"Head-quarters, Alburgo,
"January 16, 1836.

"Soldiers of the British Legion!—The above is the address of the General-in-chief of the army—every word of which will, I know, find an echo in your own generous and enthusiastic spirit. The moment, then, which you have so long desired, to engage in a general action with the enemy, is arrived. You will rejoice at this intelligence.

"In Britain and in Europe your conduct excites the deepest interest. The sacred cause you have come to support is at stake. You will, therefore, feel imperatively called on to display the most noble and energetic efforts. I will only add one word more—and that is, to invite you, on approaching the enemy, to call to mind that every step you take will be a sod already moistened with the blood, and illustrated by the imperishable glory of our countrymen.

(Signed) "DE LACY EVANS."

On perusing these ostentatious compositions, added to the undoubted intelligence we had received of the Carlists being in occupation of the heights of Arlaban, we were naturally led to suppose, that a general action was about to take place of more than common severity, as the enemy's positions were strong and mountainous, —their right resting on Salinas, and their left on Guevara and Salvatierra.

The morning of the 16th of January saw an unusual bustle in the streets of Vittoria: aides-de-camp and orderlies were early on the move with orders, and every face was stamped with that anxious appearance of hope and fear, the fore-runner of some great event, which it is almost impossible to describe; in fact, that general hurry and preparation which must always occur previous to actually getting twenty thousand men on the line of march.

The weather was thick and hazy, and a drizzling rain, with every appearance of snow, added to the gloom of a January morning. Nevertheless, at eight o'clock the troops were under arms, and soon after fairly on the move.

Cordova, at the head of twelve battalions of infantry, and four squadrons of cavalry, composed of the lancers of the royal guard, and a regiment of hussars, with several pieces of artil-

lery, and the whole of the Algerine Legion, moved on the high road to France, towards Salinas and Mondragon. The British Legion, consisting of about eleven weak battalions of infantry, with four pieces of artillery; the first regiment of auxiliary lancers, mustering not more than 250 horses; one squadron of Spanish cavalry of the line; the chapelgoris and Spanish regiment of Castile, under the orders of El Pastor, or Jaureguy—constituted the entire force commanded by General Evans, which marched on the high road to Salvatierra, by Glarasa and Matauco.

The division of Espartero, formed of about eight battalions of infantry, and a regiment of cavalry of the line, with artillery, which had been quartered without the city of Vittoria, in some of the villages on the Villareal road, continued their march towards that town; thus forming the left of our line of operations, with Cordova in the centre, and Evans on the right.

As we had not been previously informed as to the intention of this combined movement, with the exception that we might expect a general engagement; and knowing that both the castle of Guevara and Salvatierra were occupied by the enemy, we were naturally led to conclude,

as we formed the right, and were marching towards those points, that Cordova had allowed us the honour of bearing the brunt of the battle, notwithstanding the Carlist forces that were supposed to hold the strong and mountainous positions of Arlaban. Having arrived about mid-day on the open ground, to which the high road leads, shortly after passing the village of Matauco, General Evans formed, and halted his forces on a commanding ground that overlooks the valley of Guevara, from whence we could distinctly observe with our glasses that the castle was in the possession of the Carlists, who had also thrown up entrenchments on the mountain sides. The village of Mendyghar, about a mile and a half in our front, was also held by about two companies of Carlists.

The curé Isadore, who was anxious to possess himself of this commanding spot, and who, I ought to mention, had been attached to General Evans's force, advanced with about fifty of his hardy guerillas, and succeeded in driving them from the village. On seeing this, General Evans, with his staff, rode forward more distinctly to observe the enemy's force and movements. The two companies who had previously been in occupation of the village, had thrown themselves independently into a thick wood

which skirted the base of the position; and although at some distance, they were still sufficiently near to indulge us with the unceasing music of their bullets.

As far as we were able to judge, about five battalions were halted on the mountain slopes in our front, and a squadron or troop of lancers were quietly seated on their horses in the valley below. These not liking to be too closely reconnoitred, made a movement to advance, supported by a line of tirailleurs.

The General and his staff only being present, it was judged prudent to get out of their fire, upon which they instantly made a successful rush to regain possession of the village, a few only of the curé's men having been left there to defend it. Their good fortune was, however, only momentary, as the instant General Evans perceived their intentions, he ordered up the 1st regiment of the Legion, who, with fixed bayonets, and almost without firing a shot, with much coolness and gallantry drove the Carlists out of the village, and down the opposite hill. We had however, the misfortune to lose a brave serjeant, who was shot through the heart on entering the main street. The Captain of the leading company and a few of his men were also wounded; as also the aide-de-camp of Brigadier-

General M'Dougall, who was badly hit in the head.

About this time, we distinctly heard much firing, which sounded up the valley on our left, towards Azua, evidently proving that Cordova was engaged with the main body of the enemy. The firing continued several hours, yet we neither moved in advance, or to his support. This, at the moment, led me to conceive that Cordova was moving by the valley to attack Guevara in the rear, having given orders that we should support him in front or enter Salvatierra. What, however, were his wishes or intentions it was then, and has since been, impossible for me to discover. I am, however, fully satisfied that General Evans had strict orders not to advance too far, which he was naturally obliged to obey; otherwise I have no hesitation in asserting, that the castle of Guevara might have fallen into the hands of the Legion with a very trifling loss.

In the course of the afternoon, the firing on our left considerably decreased, and the Carlists made a trifling movement to re-occupy the village of Mendyghar. They were, however, speedily repulsed by a spirited advance of two companies of the third regiment of the Legion, when a captain of that corps received a shot through the leg. Thus ended and was lost, an

opportunity of defeating the enemy and gaining possession of one of their strongest positions. Such a favourable chance of taking possession of one of the enemy's strong-holds with little risk, has never since occurred during the war. The failure, most assuredly, may be traced to Cordova, as not only General Evans himself, but every man on the ground, was most anxious to attack this favourite position of the enemy.

Nevertheless, however superior his judgment might have been, he was far too prudent to call forth the anger of those under whom he was serving, which would have been the case even had he gained the most favourable result; and, on the other hand, care had been taken, by limiting the extent of his power, not to allow him to gain the laurels in which they were neither present to participate, nor would have the means of bestowing.

At dusk, we took up our quarters for the night at the villages of Arbulo and Matauco, the head-quarters being at the former place. During our march to these places, we had reason to expect the Carlists would have taken advantage of the darkness of the night, and their knowledge of the country, to molest us; they, nevertheless, remained at their bivouacks on the mountain slopes of Guevara.

Both Matauco and Arbulo are small and poor villages, almost entirely deserted by their wretched inhabitants, who are to a man, either voluntarily or by force, doing duty with the Carlists. The former place, which I have already mentioned, is on the high road from Vittoria to Salvatierra, about two leagues from either place, and had been recently occupied, and placed in a temporary state of defence, by the Legion. Arbulo was about half a league to its left, towards Guevara.

Our lodging for this night was, as may be conceived, of the worst description, and, notwithstanding the bitterness of the weather, added to a drenching cold rain, we had much difficulty in getting our horses under cover, all passages and even some kitchens being put in requisition for stabling. The curé's house, being generally found the most commodious, was on these occasions allotted to the chief and his staff. Unfortunately, the curé of Arbulo was neither the richest nor the best provided of his cloth, and consequently the whole of the head-quarter staff, and about ten horses, took up their berths for the night in two small rooms, a passage, kitchen, and one stable.

The staff party, to whose lot fell one of these rooms, was particularly agreeable, and, what

with a cold pie and plenty of straw, would have made out the night in clover, had not one of the Quarter-master General's department, who, although not particularly given to military drawing, was very much so to snoring, and having, during the morning, been rather bruised by a summerset from his unruly nag, added doubtless to some horrid dreams of the previous day's affair, kept us awake the whole night, notwithstanding the volley of boots and spurs that were showered at his head to stop his dreadful noises.

The following morning, we early quitted our straw beds, and not having witnessed the general action the day previous, we were on the *qui vive* for the battle and slaughter that all decided must take place. No intelligence whatever had then been received from Cordova, who, we judged, could not have been more than a league and a half distant on our left, and the men being formed in line of march, we moved in the direction of Azua, to form, as we imagined, a conjunction with that General, instead of taking the road to Salvatierra.

On arriving at the above-named village, which we did without firing a shot, no intelligence was received from the Commander-in-chief, whose advanced guard we expected would momentarily

appear in sight; the rear brigade was therefore halted, with a squadron of cavalry, to occupy Azua. The remainder of the troops, passing the Zadora river by a small bridge which crosses it at the northern entrance of the village, marched on to Zuaso di Gamboa, and took possession of a strong position immediately on its right, which commanded the entire valley on the north of the Zadora, leaving the castle of Guevara and Salvatierra a considerable distance on our right; the heights of Arlaban and the village of Marietta in our immediate front, with the valley by which we expected Cordova to advance, and which runs towards Villareal and the high French road on our left, with the village of Nanclares di Gamboa in our rear.

Thus situated, and still without any decided order from the centre, or any satisfactory account of the firing which we had heard the preceding day, the men were ordered to light their bivouack fires, to protect them from the severity of the weather, and prepare themselves to pass the night in the open air; as, the days being very short, the dusk of the evening was already coming on. During this state of things, we were quietly observing with our glasses a few Carlist lancers, who were hovering about the village of Marietta, to watch our movements,

when firing from the left again saluted our ears, which evidently assured us that Cordova was engaged at no great distance.

General Evans then determined to make a slight movement to his front, and consequently ordered the rifles and chapelgoris to endeavour to possess themselves of the village of Marietta, which appeared to be occupied by a small force of the enemy. This they entered, the Carlist lancers instantly retiring towards Guevara, without making any attempt to stand.

We then fired several volleys of musketry, in order to inform the Commander-in-chief of our neighbourly position. This, however, brought no farther orders. The greater part of the men remained therefore in bivouack during the night, as the villages were exceedingly small, and afforded but scanty accommodation; scarcely an inhabitant having remained, with the exception of here and there some old women and children.

The padré's house, as usual, had been provided for the General and his staff at Zuaso di Gamboa, few of the other officers, on this occasion, being housed. Even the brigadiers, in defiance of very severe frost, remained all the night bivouacked with their brigades. I felt much commiseration for our simple and broken-hearted host, the curé, who complained bitterly

of the miseries and devastations of the cruel and unhappy war, in the midst of which he in vain endeavoured to follow his peaceful calling; and I must say, in appearance, if not in heart, he endeavoured, by contributing as much as in his power to our wants, to act the part of a true Christian. He was doubtless in policy, as in heart, a true partizan of him who had been the means of adding, by his unfortunate situation, to the many woes of his unhappy country.

We passed the first night quietly bivouacked without any occurrence worth mentioning. A brilliant January sun shone upon our positions the following morning, yet no orders from Cordova's army greeted our ears, although the curé Isadore, who had already found his way to head-quarters, was returned to inform us that the Christino arms had been successful, having driven the Carlists from their strong-holds on heights of Arlaban. Such favourable intelligence naturally led us to believe that in conjunction with, or in support of Cordova's force, we should either follow up the enemy to Salinas and Mondragon, or make a movement to our right to take Guevara.

Our state of existence, thus bivouacked in the month of January, had already become one of much uneasiness and difficulty, as, notwithstand-

ing Vittoria was only two leagues in our rear, it was nevertheless out of the question attempting to bring up any supplies without detaching a considerable force by way of escort, and nothing whatever was to be obtained in the villages around us, not even a loaf of bread, added to which we had already received intelligence of the barbarous murder of one of our commissaries, who had attempted to join our troops with several mules laden with spirits without a sufficient guard.

This state of things must appear almost ridiculous in a civilized country. It is nevertheless literally and absolutely a fact, that the instant an army moves to the interior of the provinces, a hundred Carlist parties are on the alert to cut off every communication in their rear; and not only do they succeed in occasionally possessing themselves of supplies intended for their enemies, but by hovering like eagles round the army, and frequently within sight, are ready to pounce upon any unfortunate straggler or loiterer who may be fool-hardy enough to leave the column.

In this dilemma, we remained until the afternoon of the second day (namely, the 18th of January), when General Evans, seeing the inactivity and discomfort by which he was surrounded, determined on riding across the coun-

try, accompanied only by his staff and a small escort, in search of the Commander-in-chief's head-quarters, in order that he might have a personal interview. Having, therefore, crossed the Zadora in our rear, we passed through the village of Nanclares di Gamboa, and then took an oblique direction for about a league and a half towards the high French road, in order to fall in with Cordova's army. Being mounted on English horses, we crossed the country at a rapid pace, and soon fell in with a squadron of lancers of the royal guard, who informed us the Commander-in-chief was at Arroyaba in their front, and they were then protecting the rear of Cordova's army, who were on their return to Vittoria. Conceive our astonishment on passing the Algerine legion, who were marching direct for that city, as if nothing had occurred, or nothing more was to be attempted.

We at last succeeded in finding out the hero of Arlaban, who was comfortably seated by the village fire at his quarters, where he gave audience to our general, and stated his intention of returning to Vittoria.*

* I have since been informed that Cordova sent an aide-de-camp to inform General Evans of his intentions. If such was the case, and I candidly confess I doubt it, he never arrived. Yet did General Evans, at much personal risk, succeed in finding out his residence, and in obtaining an interview with him.

He appeared perfectly satisfied with the result of his two days' campaign, which consisted in having driven the Carlists from positions, which, in all probability, they never intended to keep; and this with the loss of more than two hundred and fifty killed and wounded, who were carried into Vittoria, to which may be added some of his best officers, and three of his aides-de-camp, one of whom, perhaps the most rising and talented young man in the whole army, was killed.

I made several anxious inquiries of the French officers, as to the part the Algerine legion had taken in these affairs. Every account, both from them as also from the Spanish officers, confirmed their having acted most gallantly, when called upon; and I am credibly informed, that with the bayonet, they drove the Carlists from several very formidable positions, their band playing in advance even under the fire of the enemy. Several Christinos who were serving in the corps of prisoners, formed by the Carlists, endeavoured to pass over to them, but were bayoneted to the number of thirty.

As the Algerine legion do not profess to give quarter (at least, such I then understood to be the case), and when it is considered how little mercy they have experienced at the hands of the Carlists, it is scarcely surprising that they should

revenge themselves; although I cannot for one moment imagine that so atrocious and inhuman a spirit can exist amongst officers, who, generally speaking, belong to the French army—this being a sufficient guarantee for their bravery and good-feeling, as men.

Their loss during the 17th and 18th of January was something inconsiderable.

CHAPTER XVII.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!
They fight for freedom who were never free;
A kingless people for a nervous state,
Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,
True to the very slaves of Treachery.

After the interview, we returned to Zuaso di Gamboa, but not by the same road as that we had taken in the morning. Had we done so, we might have figured on some oak branches as food for the ravens, as the Carlists were already hovering on the rear of Cordova's army. The general appeared satisfied with the intelligence he had received, and, of course, it would have been neither courteous nor dutiful on our parts to express our opinions. We were, nevertheless, far from satisfied with the indignity with which we conceived our chief had been treated.

Once more we joined the Auxiliaries, who still held the same positions, their bivouack fires burning brightly, as the cold and early closing winter's evening set in. The General, in person, visited each picquet and out-post, and then retired to his quarters at the padré's, but scarcely to rest, as he never quitted his clothes during his absence from Vittoria.

Espartero's division, which had been ordered to support us, and two regiments of San Fernando, arrived late that night at the village of Nanclares di Gamboa, in our rear. This intelligence still gave us hopes of doing something. Yet did we remain that night and the whole of the following day bivouacked, thanks to Cordova, and, in all probability, a laughing stock to the enemy, who were doubtlessly comfortably housed;—the intense coldness of the weather must have almost equalled that of the North Pole. The morning of the 19th of January commenced with a fog, and which, I may truly say, lasted without intermission during the whole day, of such density as literally to prevent the sight of objects only a few yards distant, in a country to which we were total strangers, which made it a matter of considerable danger, as we were just as likely to ride into the enemy's clutches as to our own cantonments. At least,

I can answer for myself, for having been sent from Zuaso to Azua, with some orders relative to the cavalry, I was more than half an hour in performing the duty, although the distance was only half a league; and even then, I rode into the river instead of over a bridge.

A lucky hit of the Carlists, and no thanks to Cordova, at length released us from our deplorable condition. Frozen legs and empty stomachs were already beginning too plainly to discover that men cannot live without food, whatever their courage may be—and frost will chill the body, though the heart may still be warm. Towards evening a deserter, at least so called, presented himself at head-quarters, and with a lamentable tale of bad treatment, no food, equally little pay, constant marching, &c. by the bye all false, with the exception of the latter; endeavoured by such means to impose upon credulous ears, ever ready to listen to such tales; particularly his own countrymen belonging to the army, who were attached to the Legion, and given to a little romancing, themselves, (Diös guarda!) they kindly allowed their brethren in arms an equal proportion of credulity.

This individual solemnly declared, over and over again, knowing the whole time that he was uttering the most barefaced falsehood,

that thirty battalions of the Carlists were within a league of us. The effect was pleasing, as the General wisely conceiving that he had no right to risk his small force on a chance against so superior an enemy, at least in number, at once took suitable precautions, and gave orders that at the dusk of the evening his troops should gradually retire across the Zadora, and take up fresh positions on the left of the Azua. This movement, which commenced about eight o'clock at night, terminated about two o'clock the following morning. The arrangement having been admirably planned, was executed in as soldierlike and as orderly a manner as was possible to conceive, let the General have been who he might; and considering our former position, which was one of infinite danger in case of attack (there being only two small and narrow bridges over the Zadora by which we could possibly retreat) was no less a wise one.

Had the Carlists attempted to have fallen on our rear (as by some was expected on our passing these bridges, which, from their extreme narrowness would allow only three men to pass abreast, and which, consequently, occupied a very considerable time) they would have caused us some loss. Yet in all probability they would have been repulsed, as every man in the legion was

exasperated at the cruel and cold-blooded murder of the commissary on the day previous, and the no less indignant treatment we had received from other parties.

General Evans remained this night on horseback, surrounded by his staff, until the last man had passed the bridge. The fog was densely thick, and the weather so bitterly cold as perfectly to freeze us on our horses, yet his anxiety for the safety and comfort of his men far exceeded any selfish feeling towards himself, although his health was very indifferent.

The absurd story relative to the thirty Carlist battalions, as from the beginning I felt satisfied, was a falsehood; for I scarcely believe the Carlist forces at that period could number so many regiments; as only a short time previously, they had been curtailed in numbers, although augmented in strength. The fact, however, turned out of there really having been thirteen battalions within some short distance of us the preceding day, who, instead of having the slightest intention of seeking an engagement, were quietly retreating themselves towards Salinas and Mondragon; and fearing the Legion might not only molest their march, but also deprive them of their mules, oxen, carts, and other vehicles which they required to transport their

wounded in the late affairs; and knowing that at times John Bull was apt to be credulous, they sent one of their men as a deserter, who was kind enough, by his well-told tale, to break up our useless and miserable bivouack at Gamboa.

The last man had not passed the river until two o'clock in the morning; picquets were then placed at the head of each bridge; but not until every precaution had been taken, and every post visited, did the General retire. We had breakfasted, it is true; the meal, however, which was of a scanty nature, and not of the most luxurious description, had been despatched early in the morning, to prepare us for any thing that might occur during the day. From that time until three the following morning, nothing had passed our lips in the way of refreshment, with the exception of a bottle of brandy and some biscuits, shared amongst numerous candidates, added to which, for more than ten hours we had been on horseback, and during the greater part of the time we were inhaling a dense and unhealthy fog, close to the river's banks.

Human nature will undergo much fatigue and privation, where excitement and hopes of glory and distinction inspire the feelings and warm the heart. But when those ingredients are wanting to act upon the animal spirits, the bodily

force at length gives way. We were, therefore, in a considerable state of fatigue and hunger, when we entered Azua, where a house had been prepared for the General. I mean by being prepared, that the doors were thrown open to receive such few comforts as he was enabled to take under such circumstanccs, and to admit of covering from the inclemency of the weather. It must not be imagined that any comfortable fires blazed on the hearth, or substantial delicacies smoked upon the board; on the contrary, lucky did we consider ourselves at the discovery of a kitchen chimney to admit of a few burning logs, by which we were too glad to pass the night. Beds being a luxury seldom looked for or expected, and, indeed, a bench by the fire was, in my opinion, a berth far preferable to the company of the famished companions of a Biscayan couch.

About ten o'clock in the morning, General Orāa made his appearance from Vittoria, accompanied by several of the Spanish staff, and an escort of cavalry, being himself the bearer of orders from the Commander-in-chief, for our return to that town. At that time, with the exception of an occasional vidette of cavalry, which appeared on the heights of Arlaban, or at Guevara, to our front and right flank, there was

not the slightest appearance of an enemy being within our immediate neighbourhood. If such was the case, they were by far too good judges of their strength and our positions not to have attacked us, had they any chance of success.

Under these circumstances, and with a general feeling of disappointment and disgust at having been several days exposed to the most severe weather, bivouacked under the canopy of heaven, without supplies or the means of obtaining them, and without the slightest ostensible purpose, or favourable result, after the glories we had been led to hope and look for, we were naturally glad to return once more to our quarters in Vittoria, bad as they were. To add to our other discomforts, the men were already shewing the ravages of sickness, caused by privation and exhaustion.

A ridiculous affair occurred to one of the officers of the legion, who belonged to the quarter-master-general's department, which as it took place immediately previous to our leaving Azua, I must here relate. The individual in question, or his servant, had left a pony (whether of the true Andalusian breed or not, I am unable to affirm) in the kitchen or shed of one of the houses of the village of Zuaso di Gamboa. In the hurry of moving the preceding evening, this valuable

property had been overlooked and forgotten. The owner, after having made numerous unsuccessful inquiries for the nag, determined to return to Gamboa in search of it; and, as our picquets were still stationed at the bridges which immediately enter that village, he concluded he might perform this trip without danger. Having passed the bridge and entered the village, he at length discovered the place of his late abode, and, on tiptoe, was gazing in anxious hopes of finding his lost property, when, on turning his head, he discovered four or five of the Carlist cavalry, who were preparing to salute him with the point of their lances.

Pony and every thing else was instantly forgotten, and like a shot from a gun he flew over the bridge, not stopping until he arrived safely at Azua, where, amidst peals of laughter, he told the dreadful tale. Whether his heated imagination, caused by anxiety for the recovery of so valuable a portion of his stud, had an immediate effect on his vision, which induced him to take some of our own men for Carlists, I know not; but the speed with which he performed the distance between Zuaso di Gamboa and Azua, about one mile and a half, would certainly have entitled him to a place in the Derby. Should this account meet the eye of him to

whom it alludes, I beg he will consider it, as it was meant, in good-natured remembrance of what is past.

The black flag still floated in the breeze on the top of the ancient castle of Guevara, as if in derision of our arms; and as we commenced our retrograde movement, many were the regrets that we had not had the opportunity of planting our own standard in its place, and also of possessing ourselves of Salvatierra—both of which I am of opinion we might have done without any considerable loss.

The distance from Azua to Vittoria, in a southern direction by the cross-country road, passing through Arbulo, and joining at Matauco the high Salvatierra road, that by which we marched, is about two leagues in distance. One brigade only of the Legion, with the 1st Regiment of Lancers, entered Vittoria. The remainder halted, and took up their quarters at Matauco and the remaining villages between that place and the city.

During our morning's march, we were amused by the chase of a horse, which, from being both saddled and bridled, had evidently left its rider in no very agreeable situation. We at length took possession of the animal, and on opening the valise, which was strapped to the hind part

of the saddle, we discovered it by its contents to have belonged to a padré, who, probably, was making his way rather too speedily towards the Carlists, when he failed in his horsemanship at the sight of our forces, and left us in undisputed possession of a good horse, a cake or two of chocolate (the travelling companion of almost every Spaniard), and a clean shirt carefully wrapped in paper.

Having waited until the outlying troops of the Legion had taken up their quarters, the General and his staff rode on to Vittoria, where Cordova had been comfortably housed two days before; and thus ended our hopes of glory and combined attacks on the enemy, which the general order that was issued naturally led us to expect. For three weeks previous to our leaving Vittoria, nothing had been talked of but the taking of Guevara and Salvatierra. Battalion after battalion had arrived to reinforce the army—artillery had joined us from Burgos—sappers and miners from the same place; and yet this force had marched towards the enemy, and returned with more than two hundred wounded, and nearly the same number worn out from fatigue and suffering, from the severity of the weather, and constant exposure to the damp and chill of the winter's night air. Still, the Carlist

standard remained untouched at Guevara, still the town of Salvatierra was in the quiet possession of the enemy. The Spanish Commander-in-chief, notwithstanding, felt satisfied; it is not, however, to be concluded that all other parties were so.

If the glories of proving to the Carlist that the Christino troops were in sufficient force, and fool-hardy enough to drive them from positions which they could not or would not maintain, was alone required, it is only what we had reason to expect; but why such an operation was to be undertaken with a great sacrifice of life, and without the slightest favourable result, and the right of the army who were ready and willing to fight were left inactive, I am unable to explain. The effect on the inhabitants of Vittoria was most unfavourable; and how could it be otherwise? No sort of movement ought to have been attempted against the enemy without sufficient supplies; but, having once been commenced, doubtless, it ought to have been put in force with energy, decision, and integrity—all these are wanting to a Spaniard, or very rarely to be met with.

Onate, then the head-quarters of Don Carlos, should have been our goal; and had the forces under General Evans been allowed to have acted

as an advanced-guard, and been properly supported, I have no hesitation in asserting that the character of the war would have taken a very different form. The determined advance of the force that Cordova had at that period at his disposal, notwithstanding the numerous obstacles that might have offered themselves in the centre of an enemy's country, although it might have left our rear much exposed, would nevertheless have called forth all the energies of the Carlists to our fronts, to protect their chief; and the line of the Ebro was well and sufficiently garrisoned, had any slight diversion been made in that direction.

The Government of Madrid conferred many honours on the commander-in-chief and his followers from their services in this affair, and expressed themselves satisfied with their gallant army on this occasion. My opinions are, therefore, probably incorrect. As, however, I only state facts of which I was an eye-witness, and occurrences during which I was present, I shall leave others to decide the point.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpower'd—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

CAMPBELL.

A SICK bed again became my lot. The fatigues and exposure of the previous week, added to my late severe illness, placed me in a situation of considerable danger. Indeed, I have to thank my kind friends on the medical staff of the Legion for their unremitting attention and care, which I consider was the means of saving me from the unhappy fate of many of my less fortunate companions.

On the 24th of January, the Sunday subsequent to our return to Vittoria, Espartero's division and part of the British Legion made a

reconnoissance towards Salvatierra, upon which occasion the Spanish troops approached the very walls of the town, the English covering their line of march; but on their arrival it was found to be entirely deserted by the Carlists, who not only had destroyed every appearance of the temporary fortification which had previously existed, but at the same time had induced the greater part of the inhabitants to quit the town, taking with them every article of furniture, beds and bedding, chairs, and tables, and even culinary articles, ; thus leaving the Christinos in quiet possession of the outward walls—by far the best part of a Spanish house; that portion both in town and country, more particularly in the Basque provinces, being most substantially built. The result of this *reconnoissance* was a determination on the part of Cordova to leave this place to its neutrality; as he declared neither means were to be found to place it in a proper state of defence, nor men to occupy it when fortified.

Thus ended the plan of opening a communication by the valley of the Borunda to Pampeluna, which I have every reason for conceiving would have been a most favourable and advisable undertaking towards the terminating of hostilities. I am, however, far from attempting

to disagree with the Spanish authorities as to the want of means, having individually experienced their deficiency to my cost on that head, to undertake so expensive an operation; yet the Minister of War was himself at Vittoria, and had he not been the dupe of Cordova, he ought to have been fully aware that no resources were forthcoming, before any determination had been made known to the troops, who evidently lose, by such evasions or failures, that enthusiasm so necessary to induce foreigners to undertake any great design.

Count Almodavar, the war minister, who had been several days indisposed—indeed during the whole time we had been absent from Vittoria—having sufficiently recovered, left us for Madrid; and Cordova very shortly after marched with a very considerable portion of the Spanish army and the Algerine Legion, towards Logrono, crossing the Ebro at Miranda del Ebro. This retrograde movement on his part was undertaken with the intention of revisiting the line of the Ebro, and passing through Navarre by the valley of the Ribiera to Pampeluna—in the first instance, to endeavour to open a communication from that place with the French frontier and afterwards with the plan of forcing a passage from Pampeluna to Salvatierra, by the north,

through the Borunda; in which undertaking the Legion would have supported him by moving on that town from Vittoria.

In the first of these ill-arranged operations he failed, as, notwithstanding his being so far successful in reaching the frontier, and having an interview with the French general, who was in command of the division forming the left of the army of observation, who, I am informed, received him with much courtesy and hospitality, he nevertheless found, that, to place the line of communication in any degree of safety, it would take far more troops than he was capable of disposing of; therefore, with the usual regrets and evasions, this intended plan was never put in force.

During the absence of the Commander-in-chief, who was thus on the right of the line of operations, the English Legion, which had been recalled from the occupation of Matauco, by Glarasa and Elorriaga, remained in occupation of Vittoria; whereas Espartero's division took up their quarters on the southern side of the city, to protect the road to Miranda del Ebro.

The weather, which, during the whole of the commencement of the winter, had been cold and bitter in the extreme, with much rain and occasional frosts, now turned to snow, and ended in

a deep fall, which remained on the ground for many weeks. The fever, which had made such ravages amongst the troops, by no means decreased, neither had our numerous wants, notwithstanding the continued exertions and applications of General Evans; the consequences became therefore daily, nay hourly, more fatal; and nothing can atone for the unpardonable neglect and brutality of those whose duty it was to supply the unfortunate sick with the most common necessaries. Beds were wanting, and even covering, for more than half the number.

What the unhappy consequences were, may be easily conceived: ten and fifteen men were each day consigned to the earth. The medical officers, to whom much credit is due, were unceasing in their attentions to the sufferers, and, in their endeavours to contend with the numerous obstacles which offered themselves. But, alas! human nature must at length give way; and several of those most to be regretted, themselves fell a sacrifice to their unremitting attentions to their duties and daily attendance at the disgusting hospitals, which were filled to the utmost extent with the wretched men, whose feverish breath was frightfully contagious, to say nothing of the state of dirt and deprivation to which they were subject.

Neither did the officers escape this cruel malady. Many young men, who had left their homes blooming with health and spirits, anxious, by undeviating attention to the duties of their different stations, to gain the honours of a soldier or the credit of those whom they served, were, thus early, and under such revolting circumstances, cut off in a foreign land by sickness and disease — without friends to watch their sick-beds, or kind and anxious parents to contribute to their wants.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Hombres, ninos, y mugeres,
Lloran tan grande perdida.

THE northern side of Vittoria was constantly infested with straggling parties of the Carlists, who, ever on the alert, carefully prevented the conveyance of every kind of provision into the city. Neither tea, milk, nor any luxury of that nature could be procured for the numerous sufferers; and necessaries of all sorts, particularly those required for invalids, were scarce, added to which every thing was more expensive than in London. The snow fell thicker and thicker, and the mountain roads in consequence became each day more impassable, which entirely prevented the peasants from making any attempt to attend the markets.

The funds in the military chest became more and more diminished, without any appearance of fresh supplies, and I feel no hesitation in asserting that the greater part of the junior officers of the Legion, whether in health or sickness, were generally subsisting on their rations, which were bad and irregularly supplied. Three hundred men had already found their last homes on the Spanish soil, and about twenty officers, including medical men, all having died from the same lamentable effects, the cause of which (as I have previously mentioned) was totally beyond the control of General Evans, or those under his immediate orders; and I am assured, the reports of the medical officers will hold me good in my statement, that privation both of food, covering, and lodging, added to the total want of faith in those to whom we naturally looked for the means of existence, was, generally speaking, the occasion of this sad and truly frightful mortality. The number of deaths that I have already stated, naturally caused a considerable reduction in the auxiliary force. I may also add, when speaking of sickness and misery, there were one thousand men still in the wretched and disgusting hospitals, totally unfit for duty. Had these unfortunate individuals fallen in the field of

battle gallantly and devotedly fighting for the cause in which they had enlisted, honour would have surrounded their graves, and at least our feelings of regret would have been far less bitter.

As it was, each morning confirmed the unwelcome intelligence of some additional loss, and contributed only to the gloom which had already too forcibly overcast the spirits of our small army. No excess, although it has been so stated, could have occasioned so dreadful, so desperate a state of affairs, unless it may be termed an excess of deprivation, and in such case it was but too true. With regard to brandy and other spirits, I much doubt if a sufficient quantity could have been obtained in the whole city, to have intoxicated the half of one regiment. During this unhappy and deplorable state of things, the greater part of the Legion was ordered to Trevino, an inconsiderable town in the "Condado" of that name, which is a small but distinct principality in the province of Alava.

The town itself is situated at the side or extremity of a ridge of a range of hills to the eastward of La Puebla, and at the distance of about a league from the high road running from Miranda del Ebro to Vittoria. At the

commencement of the disastrous war, it had been garrisoned by the Christino forces, but latterly, like many other towns, from the greater necessity of employing the army in the field, it had been left unprotected and remained at the mercy of either party, as chance might lead them in that direction. The inhabitants of this small tract of country were, however, generally conceived to be liberal, and even exalted, in their political sentiments. In order, therefore, to place this town in a state of defence, the British Auxiliaries were once more on the line of march, struggling through snow and mud, during the most inclement weather that can be conceived; many of them without shoes, and ill prepared for a march of three leagues distance. Espartero's division moved at the same period to occupy Pena-Cerada, which is a small mountainous village, more to the east of the high Miranda road, and to the north of Trevino.

The great advantage that might be expected to occur from these operations, which were undertaken by order of the Commander-in-chief, requires explanation, and I fear the task, which, in this instance has fallen to my lot, will be one of no small difficulty. Was his intention that of allowing the troops change of air,

and in order to relieve them for a period from the miseries and fatiguing duties of an over-crowded city? If so, this was praiseworthy; but if his purpose was to harass them by useless and fatiguing marches, which could lead to no possible result, his wish was fully obtained by the sacrifice of numbers of the men who returned to Vittoria with frozen feet, sick, wet, and weary; without the possibility of changing their clothes, having none others. Thus, many died in pain and misery, whilst some, by the loss of their legs and feet, which were amputated to save their lives, were left mutilated in the vain hope of hereafter receiving pensions wherewith to drag out the remainder of their miserable existence. It is to be trusted, indeed, that one spark of honourable feeling may still exist in the Spanish nation, and the promises held out to these unhappy men to fight in a foreign cause, may not remain unheeded and unfulfilled. Time could only be mis-employed in fortifying Trevino; which, from its mountainous situation, like the generality of small Spanish towns, could only be rendered defensible by loopholes and barricades. The occupation of it might, however, in some degree, have protected the line of road which runs through this town from Vittoria to La Guardia

and Logrono; thus making the line of march from those places to the province of Alava, shorter than that generally followed by Haro and Miranda del Ebro; and if the inhabitants were favourably disposed towards the Christino cause—and such was generally conceived to be the case—it was but just to give them such protection as would prevent their property from being destroyed. Notwithstanding, it was surely not the time to undertake such operations, when the body of the Carlist army was known to be on the extreme right of the provinces, whilst other battalions were hovering in the neighbourhood of Vittoria, which was left but thinly garrisoned.

During the time that the Auxiliaries occupied Trevino, an absurd story was told, which so truly exhibits the character of an Irish soldier, that I must relate it here. Strict orders had been given to a company of rifles, who were on that occasion on duty at the out-posts, not to allow any individual to enter the town without having first closely examined him. The consequence was, that on the field-officer going his rounds at night, he was saluted by the sentry, in more than a common tone of voice, with "Who goes there?" and on being replied to by the answer, "Friend," he immediately said, "Then by

Jesus stand fast! for the devil a friend have I in this damn'd country." The officer then explained, for it was dark, that he was the field-officer of the day. "Then," said the determined sentry, "you have no business here by night;" and it was not for a length of time that he was enabled to gain an entry into the town. Another equally ridiculous story was told of a soldier in Vittoria, who was unsuccessfully endeavouring to discover the way to one of the brigadier's quarters; first in English, and then in bad Spanish, did the man ask which was the way, each time being answered by the Spaniard with "Yo no se," or, "I don't know." At last, the inquirer became irritated, and, misunderstanding the words, exclaimed, "You won't say, won't you? there then, take that!" at the same time suiting the action to the word, by applying his fist with no very gentle force to the Don's face, to his utter astonishment and dismay.

During the occupation of Trevino and Pena-Cerada by Espartero's division and the Auxiliaries, with Cordova in snug quarters at Pampeluna; the Carlists, commanded by General Eguia, quietly attacked Valmeseda, and not only took it, but also two hundred prisoners, who immediately laid down their arms, and declared themselves in favour of Don Carlos; and then having

ransacked every thing valuable, that was capable of being removed, they as quietly left it to the Christinos to re-occupy.

Numerous tales were in circulation at the time, as to the gallant defence the unfortunate garrison would have made, had not an unlucky shell been so well directed as to fall exactly into the powder magazine, which, by-the-bye, could not have been bomb-proof. Be it as it may, I have heard a far different account of this affair, which I have reason for believing to be strictly true and correct, *viz.* that the garrison was principally composed of soldiers belonging to regiments that had at one time been commanded by the Carlist General Eguia, who, during King Ferdinand's reign, held the rank of brigadier in the Royal army, and that not only the men, but also the officers, were so favourably disposed towards their ancient comrade in arms, that an arrangement had evidently been entered into, to give up the town, when the Carlist forces had chosen the most favourable opportunity to appear before it, which the very slight loss on either side leads me to think must have been the case. An isolated detachment, which was absurdly barricaded in a single and lonely house on the high road passing through the beautiful valley of La Mina from Villasana to Valmeseda, about two

leagues to the south of the latter place, was also cut off, and fell to a man into the hands of the Carlists. Plentia very shortly shared the same unhappy fate. Far be it from me, however, to assert that it was not under very different circumstances; its defence was most gallant, and not only did the small garrison, consisting entirely of urbanos (or militia), use the most energetic and courageous measures to maintain the place, but the women, with blue ribands (the Christino colour) attached to their head-dresses, took up arms to defend their homes and children. The result of this afflicting scene was dreadful. The alcaldé, or rather the commandant, a man of much honour and known bravery, terminated his unfortunate existence with his own hands, sooner than surrender. Many of the wretched females and inhabitants, endeavouring to escape in boats when no longer able to hold out against the superior force of the enemy, were drowned in crossing the bar at the entrance of the harbour, at all times dangerous, but more particularly so during the winter months. Others less fortunate, failing in their attempts to escape (for several reached Portugalette in safety), being necessitated to remain, were cruelly murdered.

The town of Valmeseda, or Balmeceda, which I have twice visited, is most romantically situ-

ated on the banks of the river Salcedon, about four leagues from Bilbao, and not far distant from the entrance of the extensive and beautifully cultivated valley of La Mina. The first time I had the pleasure of seeing it, was in company with Generals Espartero and Mirasole, in the month of October 1835, who were then marching with a division to form a junction with the main body of the army, then at Miranda del Ebro; and during the opportunity of a short halt, I had sufficient time to take notes of its localities and capabilities of defence. The high road from the village of Castro, on the coast, which approaches it on the northern side, and passes through the centre of the town, continues in the direction of Modina de Poma and Villacajo; shortly after which, crossing the Ebro, it extends to Burgos, and the high road, joining it on the southern side, runs in the direction from Pancorvo to Santander, passing through Santa Maria, Onā, and Soncillo. To the right of Valmeseda, on entering it from the Bilbao side, is an extensive range of mountains, called the Sierra d'Orduna, the base of which extends immediately to the town.

On a conical height, or rock, to the right, and commanding the entrance I have named, a small tower was fortified, and occupied by a few men.

This, however, was almost useless as a point of defence, being entirely commanded, and within range of the Sierra above it, and containing only two pieces of artillery of very small calibre, in bad order, and in fact, less useful than blunderbusses. On the opposite side of the town runs the river Salcedon, which in some places is fordable, and in no part deep; this, however, is crossed by a bridge, which led to the Orduna road, the country in that direction being both mountainous, thickly wooded to the water's edge, and commanding the town. The gates at both entrances, north and south, were strongly barricaded and looped for musketry, as also the mills and houses on the exterior. This plan of defence, in an almost isolated position (at least, as far as regards the possibility of relief), with a garrison of not more than two hundred men, was all the opposition that offered itself to a division of Don Carlos's army; and surely, it required no great foresight to foretell its fall in case of attack, even had not treachery offered it a willing sacrifice to the enemy. With regard to Plentia, it is a very small town on the coast to the north-west of Bilbao, and was only garrisoned at the time of its defeat by urbanos.

On the news of the successful Carlist operation against Valmeseda, Espartero marched his

division in the direction of the Pena d'Orduna, and Espeleta, who commanded the reserve, and whose head-quarters were then at Miranda del Ebro, moved his forces also towards Modena di Poma Laraga and Frias, both on the banks of the Ebro, to the westward, and left of the line of operations, but unfortunately he arrived, as usual, only in time to hear of what had taken place, and what might have been prevented, had he been gifted with the slightest energy or foresight, and to waste in useless and unavailing regrets, the valuable time which might have been better employed in endeavouring to remedy the ills which his inactivity, in a great measure, had caused.

General Evans, who was on the alert, marched with the most disposable part of the Legion, which at that period was dreadfully diminished from sufferings and privations, to cover and support Espartero's division, in order that the enemy's movements might be more closely watched. Too much time had, however, elapsed at that period, to allow of any successful operation; as the Carlists, having evacuated Valmeseda, and not being in sufficient force to risk an engagement, made use of their well-known activity and knowledge of their adversaries' movements, to retire to their original positions, then to move on

and threaten Portugalette. Upon the receipt of this news, the Legion counter-marched and returned to Armenion, to protect and keep open the country in the rear of Vittoria, and also in order to complete the works already commenced at Trevino. Valmeseda has since been garrisoned and re-occupied by the Christinos; but it is much to be doubted whether such isolated positions ought ever to have been retained, as the continued movements of each army at times necessarily prevent the possibility of affording immediate relief to any place suddenly attacked, out of the line of operations or on the coast; and I have already endeavoured to explain the very great facility and extraordinary quickness with which the Carlists fly from point to point, leaving it always in their power to attack a weak position, as the result of these affairs has but too well proved. Since the affair of Arlaban, and indeed for months previous, I had suffered so severely from ill health, that at the strong recommendation of the medical men, I was persuaded to try a change of air, for which purpose I was unwillingly induced to return to England.

It was, therefore, not without many heart-breaking feelings of regret, that, in company with an amiable brother staff-officer, late of the 23d

Fusileers, that I bade adieu to the unfortunate, but inhospitable city of Vittoria, and its incomprehensible and most unfeeling inhabitants. With all its ancient reminiscences of British glory, I must say, that it left but one feeling on my mind, *viz.* that of disgust; for no beings ever received less attention or commiseration, than did my unfortunate countrymen, during the ravages of disease,—an ungrateful return for the generous charities of England towards the sons of Spain in distress. The inhabitants appeared engrossed (whether Carlists or Christinos) with but one object, that of plunder and extortion: yet I am, perhaps, illiberal in making these statements, however true; as it must, indeed, be painful amidst the numerous miseries of this hateful and unnatural war, to have their homes and hearths overrun by friends or foes of a foreign land. If yet one spark of the proud spirit and ancient patriotism of their glorious country still remains, let it ignite throughout the nation, and thus, by their own energy, endeavour to quell the unheard of horrors, of which none but those who have witnessed them can truly form an idea, and spurn the occasion for foreign aid.

I am unwilling, in thus relating facts as they occurred during my residence in the provinces,

(though not unprepared) to enter into any political discussion on a subject which has become a source of party contention throughout Europe; and though it has been, and will be my endeavour to give impartially and justly, an account of those occurrences and military operations during which I was present, and, anxious as I am for the ultimate success of those arms with which I was connected, I nevertheless must declare that I conceive the failure of the Christinos rests infinitely more on the shoulders of those employed as leaders to the Spanish army, from their great want of enterprise, exertion, and military knowledge, than from the superiority, as regards force, on the part of the Carlists, notwithstanding the numerous advantages which the nature of the country affords them.

We left Vittoria on the 23d of February 1836. The weather was bright, but severely cold, we therefore comfortably cloaked ourselves in the interior of an ancient *chaise de poste*, (which had probably been left at the city since king Joseph's time); this we had arranged to hire, with two mules, for the sum of fifty dollars; for which sum we were to be safely deposited (barring an attack of Carlists) at Santander. Having bid adieu to my faithful

servant (the prisoner of Salvatierra), a species of Christino-Carlist youth—according as the situation might appear most convenient and lucrative:—we started on our perilous journey, with a kind of pleasureable feeling at leaving the feverish and loathsome air of Vittoria, and of doubt as to our safe arrival at our hoped for destination. Our first day's journey was short; passing through La Puebla and Armenion, in the province of Alava, to Miranda del Ebro, where we put up for the night at the posada, and took the opportunity of paying our respects to the commandant, who provided us with an escort of four hussars. Thus we proceeded the following morning to Pancorvo, where, having succeeded in obtaining a breakfast of soup, carabansos, and raisins, to which was added a loaf of excellent bread, the remainder of which we stowed away carefully in the pocket of our rickety *chaise de poste*, we journeyed on to Santa Maria, on the high Madrid or Burgos road, at which place we struck off to the right, towards Onā, bidding adieu to the high road towards the capital.

I have already mentioned Onā in the early pages of this journal, and its magnificent convent, at a period when I had there fallen in with the Auxiliaries. Seven months had since past over

our heads, and we were, on this occasion, greeted with the sight of a new posada, or inn, which had risen from its foundation since our last visit. The snow had been falling during the whole of our morning's drive, and, being both invalids, we were naturally anticipating the pleasures of a night's comfortable repose, in this new built abode for weary travellers, the outward appearance of which gave us reason to hope for abundance within. Our wishes were, notwithstanding, most disagreeably frustrated; for, on being driven into the stable (and I must inform my readers, that the lower story of almost all Spanish inns is converted into this necessary accommodation for travellers, who, generally speaking, perform their journeys on the saddle), we found ourselves in a kind of fortified castle, the house being not only barricaded all round, but having also the sides looped for musketry. A company of infantry and half a troop of cavalry were actually forming, at the same time, the garrison of this hotel; not only to afford escort to the numerous convoys passing and repassing to and from Santander but also in order to keep a sharp look-out for the Curé Merino, who frequently crossed the Ebro in that direction, at the head of a body of Carlist cavalry, to seize upon such valuable prizes.

Although no other consolation offered itself, we had, at least, the satisfaction of feeling ourselves secure for the night; as, besides the above-named force, the 2d Regiment of Auxiliary Lancers were halting in Onā for the night, on their line of march to Vittoria, from Santander. So far, my position was improved since my last visit. Nothing whatever in the way of food, was, however, for a length of time to be obtained. One small room, the sides of which were looped towards the country; a window, protected by shutters of considerable thickness, but no glass in the frame; one dirty bed, without curtains, in the corner of the room, in which we were both supposed to sleep, a small table, and two chairs, completed the furniture which was placed at our disposal. Of this we should not have complained, as cloaks and straw at all times form a good bed for a soldier, but the want of food to hungry and weary travellers was another difficulty. With liberal offers of payment, and entreaties, added to the threats of the sergeant in command of the cavalry party, who espoused our cause, a supper was at length promised, the ingredients of which I shall never forget. A table cloth, beyond every thing in point of dirt, was first placed on the table; to this, however, we strenuously objected, preferring

the natural dirtiness of the unwashed mountain deal. Two tin forks, and one wooden spoon then made their appearance, with many apologies from the padrona as to her limited supply of comforts, having only recently commenced business in the inn-keeping line. At length, an unhappy fowl, which, on our arrival, had been cackling and crowing in all the dignity of unmolested liberty, about the stable yard, smoked upon the board, with numerous odoriferous additions of garlic and capsicums; to which was added a dish of mutilated pork, actually floating in oil (probably deducted from the share of the lamps). Such delicacies even the craving of hunger could not induce us to eat, and, consequently, a loaf of bread, always good in Spain, with some boiled eggs, being at length obtained, we succeeded in satisfying ourselves, to the astonishment of the lookers-on (often numerous at such houses of entertainment), at our fastidiousness in rejecting the pork and oil.

Supper being ended, we divided in equal proportions the sleeping apparatus; that is to say, the sheets, mattress, and one pillow, fell to my lot, my friend, who was the less an invalid, good naturedly putting up with a blanket and the remaining coverings; and thus we en-

deavoured to close our eyes for the night. The morning at length dawned, and most gladly did we bid adieu to Onā and its detestable posada. Readers, I conceive most of you have never travelled through a country in which every man you meet, and every tiller of the ground, or pruner of the vines, may perchance send a bullet at your head, with as little remorse as you would at a mad dog or a wild cat. If not, you can scarcely judge of the feelings with which we journeyed through that part of the provinces which was then at times, and since entirely, the seat of civil war in Spain.

The delight of returning to a home from which you have been long absent, and friends whom you full well know will not only greet you with affection, but endeavour by care to sooth the pangs of shattered health, can hardly erase from your mind the distrust with which you meet or pass each human being on the road. Such was the case with us during this day's drive to Soncillo, where we intended again to halt for the night, as at that period it was considered out of the scene of devastation, being in the province of Santander; although recent events, either from the negligence of the Christinos, or the more probable enterprise of

the Carlists, had, (as in various other places then comparatively in peace), left the stains of the blood of their countrymen on their hearths.

The high road from Miranda del Ebro to Santander is more or less extremely good, and notwithstanding the boisterous winds and heavy falls of snow, we were enabled to drive quick, and to reach Soncillo by a steep and picturesque pass, late on the evening of our departure from Onā. Small and isolated as this village appeared, surrounded by bleak and fir-clad mountains, in which the province of Santander abounds, we nevertheless gladly rejoiced on reaching it.

On the production of our passports to the commandant (a small force being then also quartered in this village for the purpose of escort), the padre's house was instantly put in requisition by the alcaldé for our lodging, a brilliant fire in the kitchen, and much kindness and civility, to which may be added, a tolerable supper and an excellent bottle of his reverence's wine, soon induced us to forget the miserable quarters and worse fare of the night before at Onā. Our padrone, or curé, who from his muscular form and commanding figure, had more the appearance of a warrior than a country priest, seemed

far from annoyed at the production of a billet for ourselves and servant; he was most anxious in his inquiries for news from the more immediate seat of war, and declared himself not a little pleased at its being then at a distance of some leagues.

As he listened attentively to our accounts of the recent affairs that had taken place, he proved himself a first-rate hand at forming the cigarillo, producing his tobacco-box and paper, then forming and rolling the cigar with much dexterity; a practice we vainly attempted to imitate, to the increase of his occupation, as we puffed away for some time by the blaze of the pine-wood fire; after which, we were shown into a clean and comfortable apartment, where were two beds with white and well-aired linen.

We passed not an unpleasant night after a long day's journey, such luxuries having for some time been strangers to us. After soundly sleeping until break of day, we once more prepared to proceed *en route*, and having taken our morning's refresher, as my friend termed it, of chocolate, we bade adieu to our good-humoured host; not however, until we had paid him doubly for every comfort we had enjoyed, a charge which considerably lowered the christian opinion I

had first formed of his generous character, even to his enemies, amongst whom we might doubtless be numbered.

On leaving Soncillo, the road to Santander almost immediately commences by a very steep ascent over the Sierra de St. Vicente, for at least two leagues, which occasioned our applying to the alcaldé for additional mules or horses to assist the hardy pair, which had already drawn us so long a distance; neither one nor the other being however forthcoming, we accepted the offer of a pair of bullocks, which being harnessed on as leaders, did us most ample service, and at the same time afforded us considerable amusement. The mountain was thickly covered with snow, in many places so deep as greatly to impede the progress even of our light vehicle. The weather however was clear and brilliant, although exceedingly cold, and as we were gradually ascending to the summit of this part of the Sierra, the view became wild and romantic in the extreme; and, as we gazed on the rich and well cultivated valleys, scattered here and there with numerous small villages, and the distant wood-covered mountains, the scene was as pleasing to the eye, as the associations which attached it to the cruel and barbarous war of which it was the theatre, were painful to the

heart. Having arrived at the summit, we feed the padrone and relinquished the oxen; after which, we gradually began to descend a road, which although not quite so steep as the ascent, was yet of much longer duration. At last, however, we once more reached level ground, and here the face of the landscape was changed indeed;—the green, and in every part well cultivated and delightful appearance of the valley through which we this day drove, the tranquil and happy air of the inhabitants, all of whom appeared occupied, the absence of warlike preparations—the numerous beautiful villages and peaceful abodes, had the effect of enchantment, after leaving provinces where all was devastation, misery, and regret, with thoughts of bloodshed, cruelty, and revenge, darkening the countenances alike of enemies and friends.

This night we reached Murcia, situated on the river Pas, which is crossed by a ferry. We took up our quarters at a small but comfortable posada, to prepare ourselves, by a good night's rest, to enter Santander early on the following morning, which was only four leagues distant. Day had scarcely dawned, when loud and continued rollings of the drum induced me to leave my bed in haste, to discover the cause of so un-

expected a *reveillée*, which I found was occasioned by the assembling of about six hundred of the quinta, or new levy of recruits, who were on their march to Santander, in order to embark for Bilbao and St. Sebastian, to commence their organization. The squalid appearance of these unhappy young men, called from their homes and families to take part in a murderous war, in which probably too many of their comrades had already fallen, could only heighten our pleasure at the approaching termination of a journey, which would shortly enable us to leave a country, whose contending convulsions only called forth our bitter regrets.

For the last time, we took our seats in our rickety carriage, and started with the quintas; the road, however, gradually ascending for a considerable distance, induced us to alight, and, with cigars in our mouths, we joined the line of march, and entered into conversation with a party of recruits, whose gay and lively songs, and perfect indifference as to their future fate, considerably diminished our regrets at their tattered and wretched apparel and sickly demeanour. Having arrived within a league of the town, the view from the eminence on which we halted was extensive and beautiful, and the seabreezes, added to the joyful feeling of having so

nearly terminated our perilous journey in safety, had a far greater effect on our weakened constitutions than all the medicines in the world. At length, by an excellent road and gradual descent, we reached the town where we had arrived from Plymouth nearly a year previous; at which period, the Christinos were inspired with a misguided and mistaken feeling, that six short months would terminate the desperate struggle in their favour.

CHAPTER XIX.

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
'This is my own—my native land!'
Returning from a foreign strand?

WALTER SCOTT.

If such there be, gentle reader, it was not my case. On our arrival at Santander, however, we found ourselves under the necessity of remaining for a few days, no steamer being then in the harbour, although one was hourly expected; and we had therefore an opportunity of visiting the town with Colonel Arbuthnot, who commanded, the depôt of the Legion formerly at Santander. We observed that not only the hospitals had been placed in a state of considerable comfort under his directions, but also numerous other arrangements had been made, on his part, to add to the comfort and better accommodation of the troops, both on landing from and returning to England;

and I must add, that the kindness and courtesy of the colonel's manners, joined to his unremitting attention to the necessities of those under his command, did him credit as a man, and honour to his profession. After remaining three days at this port, a powerful steamer entered the harbour; the same night she was ordered to take us on board, and, notwithstanding a violent gale of wind on crossing the Bay of Biscay, two days more found us again landed on the happy shores of Old England.

Gladly did I replace my foot on the land where freedom, happiness, and plenty abound, for those who know how to value such treasures;—as for those who do not, let them travel, let them visit foreign climes—be it as a soldier, amidst the perils, dangers, and discomforts, with the few variations of happiness which pleasant companions or the glories of a battle won, may inspire—be it as a rich amateur, wanting luxuries he cannot procure, or seeking sights which disappoint his anxious anticipations and hopes of novelty,—or whether it be as an invalid, who leaves his home to ramble in search of renewed health,—equally will he be deceived; and, on returning, find, for the first period in his life, what I did,—"real joy," such, at least, as can be found on earth. We landed on the evening

of the Sabbath at Falmouth:—strange to say, it was on the eve of a Sunday, I left the same shore for Spain. The contrast was such as to sink deep into the heart; sixty hours only had elapsed since we had quitted scenes of military preparation and mental excitement;—here all was peace, comfort, and the appearance of plenty; hundreds were issuing from their evening devotions; and the calm and tranquil air which inspired us, contributed much to sooth, with happy feelings, our return to dear England. The luxuries of an English inn,—the civility and respectability of the attendants,—the blazing fire,—and the abundance that reigned throughout,—heightened our spirits, and made us vain of a country where alone such things are to be found.

The early morrow saw us on our road to London. It may appear absurd, but was not the less true, that, as we drove along the road, at the rate of ten miles an hour, it was with much difficulty I could erase from my mind the idea, that the very peasants at work on the hill tops were not Carlist videttes; and, as we drove through the well-lighted city of Exeter, the brilliant shops, so dazzling in their appearance, really had the effect of fairy land, after the dark and dreary provincial towns of Spain.

I have thus endeavoured to collect together a rough and hasty statement of facts, with very trifling alterations, as I find them noted in my journal at the time of their actual occurrence; avoiding, as far as possible, the allusion to any circumstances that may call forth party or unpleasant feelings. Since my leaving Spain, I have been in continual receipt of information that has kept me "*au courant*" of the actual state of affairs; and, anxious as I am, and ever shall be, for the uninterrupted progress of civilization, and the speedy re-establishment of tranquillity and happiness in the unfortunate country in whose miseries I was so recently a partaker; yet I am, nevertheless, far from allowing my feelings towards the cause, to which by policy I was attached, to blind me to the numerous advantages and energies that are to be found in the Carlist camp.

The interesting period and the singular occurrences that offered themselves, induced many on the half-pay, and recently belonging to the British service, to take advantage of the permission granted by their sovereign, not only to see active service in that part of the Peninsula which must ever be interesting to a soldier; but also to gain that military experience not to be learned in the idleness of a barrack square. To

myself, holding, as I did, the honourable situation of being on the personal staff of the Commander-in-chief of the auxiliary force, numerous opportunities offered themselves of gaining a knowledge of the historical and political state of a country so famed for deeds of arms since the Moorish invasion,—advantages which I endeavoured to avail myself of as far as my military occupations would allow.

Had the press endeavoured, in a measure, to soften their political rancour, in the statement of occurrences as they actually took place, they could not have forgotten that the so-called armed mob they were abusing (and I shall not attempt to answer for the aristocracy or gentility of the Legionites) were contending amidst innumerable and unheard-of difficulties (to say nothing of the infamous want of faith on the part of the Spanish government) against some of the finest light troops in the world. Even Gomez—the enterprizing, the unconquered Gomez —in his own words, states, that in the early part of the Legion's career, at Hernani, when a mere reconnoissance was turned into a bloody battle, one regiment of the British Auxiliaries prevented his annihilating the whole of the garrison of St. Sebastian;—a fact that may be

placed to their credit in the latter affair of Hernani, where the gallant marines appear to have undertaken the same task. They then would have felt proud of their own countrymen, when the most unfortunate and the most wretched of their nation could thus distinguish themselves against soldiers, many of whom had fought side by side with the British army, against the flower of Napoleon's troops.

I should wish now to offer a few explanations as to the real state of things in the provinces of North Spain, which may enable the public to follow up more clearly the different accounts, which from time to time reach England from the seat of war. In the first instance, I shall allude to an account of the retaking of Valmeseda by the Christinos, from which period some time has now elapsed. The word ought to have been, "re-occupying," as it is a known fact that the Carlists never attempt, under any circumstances, to retain possession of a town whose position is isolated, or beyond the boundary of that part of the country which may be said actually to belong to them, their object being alone to ransack it; and having obtained every article of provisions, arms, money, and clothing, they immediately retire, as was the case at Val-

meseda, and would have been the case had they even taken Bilbao, at the period when I was in Spain.

They are far too well informed of their own powers and resources to trust themselves in any sort of trap, which the holding of any town as a garrison or place of defence, for any time, would prove to them. The mountainous nature of their country, their personal activity, and individual bodily hardihood and independent habits of fighting, must be the means of enabling them to hold out for a length of time against a far superior force; whereas their being shut up in towns would at once prove their downfall. As they are at present situated, it becomes a matter of extreme difficulty for any disciplined troops to bring them to close action, except under circumstances of very great disadvantage to the Christinos, as has frequently proved to have been the case; and their disinclination naturally to come to close combat (although this is by no means general) arises not from want of bravery or determination, but from an accurate estimate of their own strong points, as contrasted with those of the enemy. Their resources in the way of food is another, which requires some explanation. In the first place, every man, woman, and child in the Basque

provinces and Navarre is favourable to the same cause; they are unanimous, consequently they labour together.

Don Carlos is, or at least was, a mere cloak to their operations; in fact, his word was the rallying point only; although, latterly, the reasoning class may have become more interested in his individual success, from the means he has been able to procure, and which he has thrown into the common purse, to advance their wishes and his own, by unbounded promises; consequently every house is a home, every hand is open and ready to give. The natural produce of the country, particularly in Navarre, is immense, both in wine, grain, cattle, and indeed all necessaries of existence, to which may be added, abundance of hard dollars, that the economical have hoarded for years, a practice frequently adopted in Spain. So universal is the want of faith, that the wealthy farmer will bury his gains rather than trust his cash on any security, be it ever so advantageous. Many of the most considerable landlords, either from liberal politics or a wish to escape the horrors and brutalities of the war, have retired to France or Madrid; and can it be supposed, under these circumstances, their rents are paid? No: the produce of the rich land becomes that of the occupier, and

hands are found both to till the ground and carry the firelock—to cull the grapes and reap the corn,—all of which supply the wants of the Carlist army. At times they are, no doubt, in great distress, both for food and clothing, yet, generally speaking (and I have had frequent opportunities of seeing them) they are well dressed, healthy, and robust in their appearance.

There was a time, in the heat of enthusiasm and chivalric feeling for the brave Zumalacarreguy, when these hardy mountaineers, if it had not been wasted on the first unsuccessful attack at Bilbao, might have been induced to march, and with every probability of success, on the capital. With the death of this enterprizing Carlist general, much of their ardour expired for a season, no advantage, as usual, being taken of it by the Queen's army. They appear gradually to have recovered; and, although their ultimate success is hopeless, yet many thousand lives must still be lost, before a war so cruel, and so debasing to the world, can be terminated. Madrid is not now the object of the soldiery, whatever it may be of their leaders.

They have a known aversion to quit even their own provinces; and the Navarrese, who will distinguish himself in the battle-field in Na-

varre, will not do the same on the south of the Ebro. Although they may be urged on by revenge, for many a hearth is now desolate that was once happy and peaceful, they are by no means a cruel-minded people, and most of their bloodiest deeds may be attributed to the bigotted advice of the priesthood. Although misled, they may be actually said to be fighting for the freedom of their rights and privileges, which, however inconsistent with the present state of nations, have been theirs for centuries; their ignorance, and the overpowering declarations of falsehood and calumny, for ever bruited into their ears by the few, goes much farther to account for the fact of their increasing bitterness, than any association with Don Carlos or despotism.

Whether it be Carlos or Christina who sits on the throne of Spain, I firmly believe that nine out of every ten of them care not a straw; they considered themselves wronged by the too hasty measures of those who ought to have matured their plans before they attempted to force them on a fine and high-minded race, who for centuries have lived happily, although unaccustomed to the enlightenment of the present day of glorious civilization; they have now too far compromised themselves, and they will fight to the last. Were the mass of the Carlist army de-

stroyed, a thousand parties would still infest the country, and, having become restless and savage from their recent mode of life, would pass the remainder of it in murder and rapine.

A French army marching over the Pyrenees, to occupy the Bastan, and the northern barrier of the provinces, in conjunction with a British navy on the coast, and a strong Spanish corps d'armée, both on the line of the Ebro and the valley of the Rebiera, would, I feel assured, be the means of inducing the Carlists to lay down their arms and retire to their several occupations, and, with proper and energetic means, the flame, once quelled, might be prevented from bursting forth again. For instance, a military occupation of sufficient force, with sufficient time to allow the minds of the people to settle into a calm indifference and wish for peace, their leaders being no longer amongst them, to urge them on to destruction and misery, would be the most probable means of success. Yet the standing army in Spain, at the present moment, is far from being strong enough to undertake alone such an operation, far less without the means of raising a man.

Napoleon, with one of the most splendid armies in the world, was unable to annihilate the comparatively small bodies of guerillas under

Mina, that infested the mountains, many of whom are at this moment serving in the Carlist ranks. It was therefore scarcely to be expected of Cordova, who had numerous difficulties to contend with, and was fighting against the very same men in great force.

Of the Auxiliaries, it has generally been believed, that their strength was originally ten thousand men. This idea is totally incorrect, as they never, on any occasion, mustered two-thirds of that number; nor could they, during the time that I was with them, bring six thousand efficient men into the field. On my quitting, sickness, and every sort of privation and disease, had considerably reduced them, and totally crushed that enthusiasm and spirit which existed in their ranks on their arrival in Spain. Never were men brought together as they were, and under such circumstances,—from their mechanical, agricultural, and pick-pocketing pursuits, so ready to become soldiers; amongst whom, from the manner of their levy, much drunkenness might have been expected. Never was there, however, comparatively so little, during their occupation of Bilbao. The progress in discipline and drill made by every regiment was equally creditable and manifest. Most of them were commanded by officers on the half-

pay* of the British army, many of whom had sacrificed their full pay for the sole purpose of seeing active service, and with the hope of gaining a practical knowledge of their profession, and a sight of that part of the Peninsula, teeming with the glorious reminiscences of the British arms.

The whole of the staff was composed of officers on the half-pay, or recently belonging to the army; but the greater number of the junior officers were unfortunately totally unacquainted with military discipline, or even any theoretical knowledge of their duty. Thus an additional task of instruction fell upon the shoulders of the commanding officers and adjutants. Even under these difficulties, the Auxiliaries, in a very short period, appeared to have overcome the worst obstacles, and were quickly advancing to an efficient and serviceable state; and had they, at that period, been left to garrison Bilbao, St. Sebastian, and the towns on the Cantabrian coast, allowing the Spanish troops for a time to take the field, there is every reason to suppose that neither Plentia nor Valmeseda would have met with their disastrous fates. The dreadful and unfortunate state of disease that since prevailed amongst the troops, would probably never

* This, I believe, not to have latterly been the case.

have existed; and instead of the polluted and unhealthy atmosphere of Vittoria, whose narrow, dirty, and confined streets could not have added a little to the general wreck of constitutions, fresh sea breezes would have been enjoyed, with every possibility of procuring supplies from France, in case of need. Had General Evans been allowed to have acted independently, in the rear of the Carlist army, by moving in the direction of the valley of the Bastan, or by opening a line of communication by Irun to the French frontier, which throughout the war has been cut off by the Carlists, I am well assured that the result would have been infinitely more effective than the hurried and ill-advised movement to Vittoria; thus allowing troops scarcely formed, and little acquainted with the use of their arms, to contend with the fatigues of a long and arduous mountain march, which left them, with diminished spirits and resources, to commence active operations against an active, vigilant, and well-provided desultory force.

Those well acquainted with the British soldier —and it would be ridiculous to assert, that many of the men recruited for the Legion were not of the same caste as those frequently accepted for the British army—well know he must be treated with justice, well fed at all times, and have his

due; then, whatever duty he has to perform, however dangerous, however severe, he may be depended on; but treat him with injustice, rob him of what he knows to be his right, he becomes the most unruly and disorderly of characters. Such was the case with the men of the Legion, although in a worse degree, as many of the privates were of the very lowest orders: want of pay—want of good and wholesome food—want, in fact, of every sort of necessary, which, in justice, ought to have been theirs,—in some degree created a demoralized spirit, and an entire loss of that enthusiasm which at first so evidently existed. Nevertheless, whenever they have been called upon, if not deserted or misled by their allies, they have sustained the national character for bravery and enterprise.

The idea, that the moral effect of five thousand red coats appearing on the field of battle would quell the ardour of thousands, fighting under such circumstances and such advantages as the Carlists, could never have been supposed; and a moment's thought would have sufficed to convince the world, the Carlists were equally well informed as to the recent formation and the nature of the troops they had to contend with; added to which, the great strength of a British force consists in the physical and moral

bravery of the men and officers, who are ever ready to close with the foe, or defend a given spot to the last man. They are unaccustomed to mountain fighting, and equally incapable of following the quick and murderous practices of bush-fighting, so ably resorted to by Spanish tirailleurs. It could not be expected or conceived, that a body of recruits, badly officered, and surrounded by innumerable difficulties unknown and unheard-of during the late wars, could be a match in this system of desultory warfare, to which the Carlists were so well accustomed, and which the knowledge of every yard of country over which they fight, allowed them to carry on with advantage.

Even under these circumstances, the Auxiliary force saved St. Sebastian, the falling of which, by placing into the hands of the Carlists one of the strongest fortresses in the world, would have had a serious effect on the character of the war and the public mind; to say nothing of the very serious effects such a reverse would have occasioned throughout the country, as regards the Christino cause, and the immense resources which it would have placed in Carlist hands. Two companies of the Auxiliaries also supported and protected the rear of the flying Spanish army after the action of Arigorriaga, and pre-

vented the Carlists from entering Bilbao, besides many other services; for instance, the 5th of May and the 10th of June.

Their ardour is not yet diminished, and, although a short period terminates their services in Spain, I feel sanguine that the day is yet to come when they will retrieve the disaster of the 16th of March. It is, however, neither fifty nor a hundred thousand men, with a perfect knowledge of the country, well paid and well disciplined, who can put down the Carlists as they now exist, unless commanded by men whose integrity and true patriotism can overbalance their unbounded ostentation and want of energy.

CHAPTER XX.

> You know their private virtues
> Far better than we can, to whom alone
> Their public vices, and most foul oppressions,
> Have made them deadly; if there be amongst them
> One who deserves to be repeal'd, pronounce.

A continuance of ill health prevented my return to Spain, and in consequence, I was prevented, in person, from following the operations of the Christino forces. Putting, therefore, out of the question any attempt to describe the movements of which I have not been an eye-witness, I shall endeavour, previously to the closing of these pages, to offer to my readers a few anecdotes relative to the superior officers now in command of the Christino army, with many of whom I have been more than commonly known, and with scarcely any of whom I am totally

unacquainted. To their inexperience, at least, may undoubtedly be traced most of the dreadful disasters of the war, more particularly those of recent date, the bloody nature of which have caused tears of anguish to flow from many of my countrymen. By their inactivity or want of decision, many of the advantages have been rendered abortive which, from time to time, have offered themselves, and by their most impolitic inconsistency, they have more than once been the means of embarrassing every branch of public business; and while agriculture is driven from the ravaged plains, and commerce from the ensanguined city, civil discord does not cease to embroil the most friendly and the most noble.

The ruinous footsteps of advancing and retreating armies, continue to trample on the bosom of an afflicted country; and the war of extermination, for such it may be termed, still rages with unceasing bloodshed and fury. The Spanish character has ever shewn one peculiarity; taken singly, there are many noble, nay, even great men among them; in unison they know not how to act, and the want of confidence in their countrymen inspires them with a natural jealousy of foreigners. How many instances have we in the history of the Peninsular war, of their failing at the moment of co-operation: the

same plans, the same intrigues are too evident at the present hour, and the unexampled, rapid, and constant changes of their superior officers, sufficiently attests their incapacity, or insincerity. On Cordova's quitting the command of the Christino army, it fell nominally into the hands of Saarsfield, who, for a few short weeks, issued his orders from a sick bed at Pampeluna. This appointment, I should conceive, could only have been made to appease the public mind and the army, which for a short period, was not only without a chief, but, like the whole country far and wide, convulsed with the revolutionary effects of the disasters at La Granja.

The choice of a Commander-in-chief is a point of great difficulty in Spain, yet it never could have been intended that Saarsfield should in person direct the military operations of the army in the field: one short month of activity, surrounded by numerous and unparallelled difficulties, exposed to all weathers, little known to the troops, and so deaf as not to have the power of hearing without a trumpet, added to great infirmities of constitution, would have placed him in his grave. Have not the late painfully disastrous results at Hernani proved how perfectly unfit was this general to command any force, driven back as he was by a snow

storm, through which a young and inexperienced Prince marches to victory?

Still it was affirmed, that Saarsfield declined the command of the Constitutionalists, until supplied with such resources as would enable him to do justice to the soldiers. One moment's consideration will shew the absurdity of this declaration, as he well knew the coffers at Madrid were empty, and likely to remain so. In person, Saarsfield is tall and soldier-like, with an expressive countenance; he was formerly active and brave; his unfortunate eccentricities would, however, alone be sufficient to unfit him for a chief, being not only fond of the bottle at all seasons, but, at times, shutting himself in his room for days together with little sustenance, and not allowing any intrusion on his privacy. On Cordova's quitting the army, the war may be said to have taken a totally different character, and the enterprising and unexampled diversion of the Carlist chief, Gomez, turned the thoughts of Europe to the south of the Ebro. With a small division, consisting at most of four thousand men, with admirable tact and unheard of audacity, he managed to slip through the hands of the Christino Generals; takes an agreeable autumn tour unmolested through the mountains of the Asturias,—plunders and

captures several of the fairest towns in Spain,—skirts the barriers of Portugal,—inspects the quicksilver mines at Almaden,—rests himself at Cordova; and, having well satisfied his hardy warriors, who were doubtless much gratified with the excursion, and amply filled his own pockets, to say nothing of a present, to the tune of some thousands, sent to Don Carlos, he visits the English lines at Gibraltar, and having refreshed his troops with the sea breezes of Algesiras and San Roque, we find him skirting and alarming the capital with hasty steps, on his return to the north of the Ebro, where he safely arrived with replenished resources, and revived hopes.

The consequence of this operation, which cannot but strike the mind with wonder, when we consider that this small army should have traversed the whole country without being annihilated, must most forcibly convince the public of the great want of foresight and energy evinced by the Christino Generals.

Let us revert to those admirable despatches of our own renowned chief, who, in few words, so accurately explained, and so fully illustrated to his army the most minute points; clearly and yet briefly defining each trivial order. His foresight, his energy, and decision of character,

won for him the affection and admiration of the finest army in the world. At the head of that army, he achieved those glorious victories, the spirit of whose recollection can never be erased from the brightest annals of military history. From him arose no unnecessary complaints, no evasions for want of resources, no allusions to expected difficulties. These, when they actually occurred (alas! but too frequently), were entirely frustrated by practical resources, with the most astonishing energy of character, with the most unparalleled and laborious activity of mind and body; and, with the order for the army to march, all obstacles disappeared before his victorious arms. What a lesson have these Christino Generals before their eyes in the pages of the war of independence, and how they have availed themselves of such advantages, the world unfortunately too well knows.

Rodil, although minister of war, succeeded to Saarsfield in his short career as Commander-in-chief, and although his principal operations were carried on in the chace of Gomez, on the southern side of the Ebro, yet were all orders issued to the army of the north from his head quarters. He may be now found as a prisoner to the Cortes: that a variety of contending circumstances which occurred during the short period

in which he commanded, would lead us to believe that he was acting the part of a traitor towards the Government, cannot be denied; and perhaps, one of the most decided proofs, was that of his having attached to his personal staff an officer of some rank, who was known to have served with much bravery in the Carlist army; yet in a civil war of such acrimony and duration, in a country where opinions are known to be so changeable and changing, this occurrence was certainly not of sufficient weight to prove him false to the cause he served. I should therefore conceive that his failure was far more owing to want of foresight, correct military judgment, and proper information as to the movements of the Carlists, than to any attempt to favour the enemy.

In person, Rodil is short and strongly built, with a military appearance, keen and searching eye; his manner is quick, but not uncourteous or displeasing; his habits temperate, and, until latterly, most energetic: during a former command of a division of the Christino army he was ever on the alert, and unceasing and undeviating in his movements against the enemy. Frequently has he been known, for nights together, to expose himself to the bivouack on the bleak mountain tops of Navarre, and even when in

quarters, an aide-de-camp, on entering his chamber with some sudden despatch, has been known to find him stretched on his bed, entirely dressed, even to his boots and spurs. During his services in America, where he held a considerable command, this General proved himself a brave and energetic soldier, although a cruel and revengeful man, as the following anecdote, (for the authenticity of which, I can vouch,) will sufficiently prove. When in possession of a fortified and besieged town in America, named Callaò, which found itself, from want of provisions and ammunition, unable longer to hold out against the enemy, murmurs arose amongst the inhabitants and some portion of the troops, who *appealed* to Rodil to capitulate. "Well," replied he, "those who no longer wish to remain by my side, let them form on the glacis by break of day; for myself, I remain until buried in the ashes." According to this proposal, hundreds assembled, when Rodil appeared in person and commanded those of the troops who had remained faithful, to fire on the defenceless multitude as cowards and traitors. I am unwilling to believe that this man had any communication, or had formed any plans favourable to the Carlists. I know him to be an ultra-liberal in his political sentiments, and until such time as the fact is substantiated to

the contrary, I shall continue to believe, that want of resources, and numberless other contending and overpowering difficulties falling at once on his mind, left him paralysed and totally unable to call to his help those energies for which he had formerly been so noted; whereas, the more enterprising followers of the hardy chief Gomez, risking every thing, and wanting nothing but their daily ration, which was either tendered out of good-will or seized by compulsion, took advantage of this state of apathy amongst the Christino generals, and with a perfect knowledge of what was passing in their camps, and with admirable arrangement and foresight, continued their course uninterrupted, raising contributions for their royal master, and at the same time striking the minds of the inhabitants with feelings of terror at their decision, admiration at their hardihood, and belief in the utter failure of the Christino cause. To the inhabitants of each town and village through which he marched, he proclaimed the virtues and successes of his master; whilst, on the other hand, he heaped calumnies on the heads of those who had previously been considered as just as they were meritorious.

If Gomez had not amassed one rial in his diversion, and had recrossed the Ebro with only

two hundred followers, instead of the flower of his army, it would have sufficiently proved the apathy and total want of energy of those employed by the Government at Madrid to command the Queen's forces. To allow of any sort of pillage, only enriches a few, but dishonours all, destroys resources, and renders those enemies whom interest requires to be friends, and naturally where Gomez has pillaged or ill-treated the inhabitants, he has met with a spirit of horror and loathing on their parts. Still we never heard him complaining of want of resources or impossibilities; those were only told to Don Carlos on his return. Is such the case with the Christino generals? No:—want of shoes,—want of money,—snow storms,—the want of the least trifle was sufficient for them to plead an excuse, and allow their enemy to slip through their hands: all the admirable chances that offered themselves to crush their foes have thus been passed over and evaded, not from a spirit of Carlism; but an actual incapacity or an unpardonable inactivity, as regards military tactics.

The Carlist complaints are seldom heard, and rather than the devastating and unhappy civil war should be prolonged, let the Christinos shew some revival of patriotism; let them have some

candour, integrity, and determination, and then may Spain's sons prove that Spain is free. I have been amongst them; I have shared and felt their miseries; and deeply,—most deeply,—do I deplore and commiserate their many hardships and misfortunes, and shall hail, with thousands, the day that closes over the afflicting consequences of an inhuman contention, which still rages with savage fury. The bitter emotions and overwhelming passions of party spirit at Madrid, obliged the Government to remove Rodil from his inactive and unsuccessful command of six weeks' duration, and a short period will pronounce him the traitor or the imbecile, so frequently the termination of those who serve an ungrateful country.

I must now allude to Allaix for a short period, the admiration of his country, the victor of Villerobo, and the gallant Narvaez, the cherished young commander. With regard to the former, I have several times been in his company, and have had frequent opportunities of conversing with him; his person is far from prepossessing, and so little has he the air of a military man, that, on first seeing him, and previous to an introduction, I was led to believe he was a person belonging to the lower class of bourgeois, who had called at the head-quarters on some civil

service. In figure, he is tall, and strongly built, with small, twinkling eyes, which give him an appearance of cunningness and meanness; his dress, generally speaking, being a shabby grey great-coat, with a person so dirty, that water could seldom have touched it with success. By some recent accounts he has been proclaimed a Frenchman, having been supposed to have entered Spain with the Duke d'Angoulême, in 1823, in which country he has since resided.

If such was the case, he must either disguise with much adroitness, or totally have forgotten his native language, as he now speaks French but indifferently well. I should therefore surmise, the above-mentioned allusion must have originated in his name, as there appears to have been an officer of the name of Allaix, or rather Allix, serving under Napoleon during the Italian campaign, as also during the war of independence, from whom he is in all probability descended. My first acquaintance with this officer took place at Bilbao, about fifteen months past; he was then a brigadier in the Christino army, and was comparatively little known. Like numerous others, however, of his unlucky companions in arms, he has had his day of success; with him it was at Villerobo, where, owing to the gallantry of Co-

lonel Leon, his brigade had a successful skirmish with the enemy, and he was at once pronounced the child, the saviour of his country, the adored patriot, as quickly to descend to the traitorous, disgraced, and despised commander of a mutinous and rebellious band.

> " 'Twas but a name:
> It were indeed no more, if human breath
> Could make or mar it."

Allaix is now at Burgos, where he awaits his trial, and I should be unwilling to be too hasty in condemning him entirely, so deep are the workings of intrigue in Spain, and the difficulties, the obstacles, the almost inconceivable hardships that at times oppress the Queen's forces. I cannot, however, conceive, from what I know of him, that Allaix could ever have been fit for a higher command than that of a battalion: he was a man of little education, and his actions have shewn to the world his want of foresight and tactics in his operations; to say the least of him, the mutiny of his division, his conduct towards Narvaez, and his unheard-of dilatory movements after the affair of Aciete Maja, prove him at once either to have been compromised with the Carlists, or from want of energy of mind, or decision of character, and

jealousy, totally unfit to remain in the command of his division. Of Narvaez I have a far better opinion, not because of his great military capacity, but from a knowledge of his energy and sincerity of character. His person is diminutive, with a pleasing expression of countenance, hair light and sandy; his dress is generally *soigné*, in fact, he is a dandy; his courage is undeniable, and his heart good; unfortunately, his vanity led him to conceive that the Government would promote every officer he thought fit to recommend, to this they of course objected, and in consequence he is a prisoner, which is to be lamented, as I feel assured he would have distinguished himself in the recent unfortunate affairs.

With regard to the triumph he was said to have gained at Aceite Maja, there are a variety of opinions, and I shall therefore describe it, as I am of opinion it was only another proof of the everlasting failure of the Christino generals. Narvaez having ascertained that Gomez intended to march to Arcos de la Frontera, from Alcala de los Areules, on the 25th of November last, pushed on from Bornos, where he had halted the previous night. Here he ascertained that Gomez had ordered rations for his troops, from which it appears that the intelligence of

Narvaez's arrival at Arcos had not reached the Carlist general, as towards two o'clock in the day, at about three leagues from Arcos, the head of his extended column was seen emerging from a narrow defile between two mountains, at the foot of which the little river of Aciete Maja runs over its rocky bed; the greater part of Narvaez's division had already forded this river, and were pursuing, on its left bank, a path to Alcala, different from that by which the enemy were advancing, when a few shots from a woody eminence on their left, directed attention to that quarter. These shots proceeded from a party of "escopeteros," who are employed by Government to scour the country. The fire of these men was returned, and they retired on the main body. An aide-de-camp of Brigadier Narvaez's galloped to meet one, as he hastened from the spot where the shots had been exchanged, and returned with the intelligence that Gomez's column was in sight.

The defile we have mentioned was not more than half a mile distant, but the back ground of rock and red earth, clothed with verdure of various hues, afforded by the sides of the mountains through which the defile or ravine ran, together with the position of the sun, rendered the discrimination of objects difficult; at length

a moving column was descried passing from the head of the defile in an oblique direction, along the sides of the mountain, towards the top, and presently, along the ridge which formed the summit of this mountain, the Carlists were seen drawn up in line, and horsemen were galloping from right to left, as though marshalling them for the coming combat. Without waiting for orders, the troops, by a simultaneous movement re-crossed the river with a shout of exultation. Narvaez hastily formed them in columns, and then pushed forward for the heights on which the enemy were stationed, who appeared not at all anxious to contend the ground on which they were formed. After a couple of volleys, their fire slackened, and the Christinos advanced independently up the mountain slope, availing themselves of such covering as the bushes and rocks afforded them, to fire on those above. The heights were soon carried, and on reaching the summit the remainder of the Carlist force were discovered occupying all the available ground in the valley below, and on the opposite mountain slopes, where the troops were posted in a semicircle, not a hill but appeared in their possession, with numbers formed in line ready to intercept the level ground which parted them from the Christinos. The Brigadier determined

to give battle in this arena, and in consequence, orders were given for 300 cavalry to come up with all possible speed, and the Chief, with a small escort, was the first to make the descent, followed by his division, who were keeping up an independent fire.

Finding that the Carlists made a stand, his troops were formed, and orders were given to use the bayonet and sabre, sparing the ammunition: "Be firm," said Narvaez, "and not one of them shall escape." The enemy appeared in great force on a hill, where it was afterwards ascertained, that Gomez had placed five battalions with an avansade, covered by a stone building at the base; he there poured in a galling fire on the Christinos. An aide-de-camp, with one battalion, was sent to attack this position, which was gallantly and successfully repulsed, and much blood appears to have been spilt at that period of the affair.

Night put an end to the combat, such as it was, and if it were possible to erase the murderous associations of such a battle-field from our minds, we could more willingly find praise for the valour displayed. Amongst the prisoners was an aide-de-camp of Gomez, formerly a captain of the royal guard, who recognized in his captor an old acquaintance. The main body

of the cavalry was led on by Narvaez in person, who is said, in the heat of enthusiasm, to have exclaimed, " that one hour more daylight would have secured them all;" nevertheless, Gomez managed to proceed safely on his line of march, whereas the troops of the Queen bivouacked on the mountain tops, supped, breakfasted, and then proceeded *en route.* The affair that I have here cursorily detailed, has been related to the world as one of much glory and everlasting renown to the Christino arms; and I am unwilling, for one moment, to cast a shadow of doubt as to the valour and admirable intentions of the Brigadier; yet, I am unable to discover from whence cometh the victory, and in what is the success.

In the first instance, Gomez appears to have had some ten thousand men placed in admirable positions, with sufficient time to prepare his troops and make every arrangement for the expected attack; this much was acknowledged by his enemies. Narvaez, who, on the contrary, has not three thousand men, arrives most unexpectedly before so superior an enemy, and has scarcely time to form his men before the attack commences. His positions are bad, the sides of the mountains being almost impassable; his men are, therefore, exposed on their descent to-

wards the enemy, to a heavy and most destructive fire; notwithstanding which, the world are informed that he has succeeded in driving the Carlists from their formidable positions, completely routed and dispersed. The approach of night alone saving Gomez and his followers from capture or utter annihilation. I duly appreciate the personal valour of the undaunted Brigadier; and I am willing to believe, according to Narvaez's own account, that at the head of sixty lancers, he made repeated and successful attacks on the Carlist cavalry, sending an aide-de-camp to direct the movements in another part of the field. Was this, however, the place for a commander?—No!—could any grand operation, or solid arrangement be expected from a man who places himself at the head of a troop of horse; how was the remainder of his army employed during this General's personal feats of intrepidity—where was the wily Gomez who was so frequently destroyed, but was lately commanding a division in Biscay?

The most humble capacity will discover that this celebrated defeat was no defeat at all; on the contrary, it was a check to the Queen's troops. This affair appears, on the whole, to have been most trifling, and the results have only confirmed this statement of facts.

Gomez, finding himself about to be attacked, left a sufficient force well placed on strong positions, to check the Christinos' advance until night-fall; in the meantime, the body of his army, in safe charge of his artillery and his plunder, quietly continued their route. As the evening closed in, the rear-guard hastily quitted their positions, and then dispersed until such time as they again found it necessary and convenient to join the main body. Here ended the affair, and thus is the variety accounted for of different reports and opinions as regards Gomez's force, which, sometimes, was said to have made its appearance in a formidable body, and at others, only in the number of a brigade.

It is a well known fact, that, in the provinces and Navarre, the Carlists scarcely ever make a movement without separating their forces, with accurate orders to meet at such time and place as may be named. The same plan appears to have been successfully adopted on the south of the Ebro, allowing always sufficient numbers in each detachment to protect themselves, and being dispersed only at such distances as to enable them shortly to join the main body, in case of necessity. Had the encounter at Aciete Maja taken place early in the day, both the manner of the attack and the result might, in all probabi-

lity, have been of a different nature. As it did occur, it decidedly proved that Narvaez was individually faithful in his command. Admitting, however, such to be the case, I have never been able to discover why the Carlists, who were said to be utterly destroyed and driven back, should not have been pursued; the country in the rear of Narvaez's army, according to all appearances, was friendly; therefore a small protection for prisoners and wounded was all that was necessary. Two hours' repose, or at least sufficient time to cook and eat their rations, ought to have put the Christinos in pursuit of the flying enemy.

As usual, objections to this were made, one of the number was, the fear that soldiers of the same country, speaking the same language, might have slaughtered each other in the dark. Was such the case with the English army in America? No!—Why, therefore, with Spaniards in Spain? Gomez had sufficient light and sufficient enterprize to lead his army through mountain passes, and by goat-tracks; and the night was not too dark for his troops to march a distance of six leagues before the sun rose; whilst the sons of the same soil were carousing on the mountain tops.—Enough of Narvaez. We must now have a word with

Brigadier Leon, late colonel of the Principessa hussars, at the head of which I have more than once witnessed his acts of personal courage and independent spirit; to him alone may be attributed the success of the Christino arms at Villerobedo, and not to Allaix, who has more than once reaped the honours and laurels of those under his command. As yet, he is both young and deficient in military experience.

The day, however, is not far distant, when he may be found acting in a more prominent position. And happy will be the hour for Spain when the whole of its army is re-organized, and those at present in command are one and all exchanged, for younger and more experienced commanders, many of whom are now inactive, or serving in situations where neither their energies nor their talents can be displayed. Amongst this number, until a few days past, might be included General Guerrea,* recently in command of a division in Catalonia. This officer was long resident in England, having been an emigrant from his country for a period of eight or nine years. He perfectly understood the English language, and was much respected by all who

* The author deeply regrets that both the above-named officers have been killed since the writing of this work.

have had the pleasure of his acquaintance. I firmly believe him to be one of the best generals, and the most sincere of patriots, that Spain can produce. I am aware that a misunderstanding had arisen between him and Cordova, which was the means of keeping his services in the back ground until that general's resignation, after which he was raised to the rank of a Major-general, with a command in Catalonia, otherwise he would in all probability have appeared in a more conspicuous situation during the war. This general is now in command of a division of the army of the north; his son, a young captain of cavalry, whom I have also the pleasure of knowing, is one of the aides-de-camp of General Evans, and has greatly distinguished himself during the desolating war of his afflicted and unhappy country.

I must now add a few more words relative to Espartero, or Count Luchana, the present Commander-in-chief of the Christino army, his person has already been described in the early portion of these hurried pages; but my personal knowledge of the country which has recently been the theatre of his operations, may be deemed a sufficient reason for my alluding to them. The circumstance of this general's succeeding to any rank in the Spanish army may

be attributed to his services in America, where he distinguished himself and returned to his native country with the rank of a brigadier.

His military talents since the commencement of the civil war have certainly not shone conspicuously; yet in many instances his judgment and individual energy have been deserving of praise; the national character of jealousy, intrigue, and the love of gain have, however, tarnished his laurels. From my knowledge of his military character, and indeed from his own confession, I should at all times have deemed him better suited to command a regiment than an army, although his decision and bravery have, at times, been creditable, particularly at Mendigorria, where his division bore the brunt of the battle, and was the means decidedly of turning the fate of the day. In recent affairs he has generally been unsuccessful both at Arrigoriaga, and in his former attempt to relieve Bilbao, in both of which he was defeated. His march to Durango and back again to Bilbao, at the head of twenty thousand men, in the face of a far inferior force, has not contributed to heighten his character as a general, in the eyes of Europe.

Espartero possesses considerable property in right of his wife at Logrono. His military ap-

pointments cannot, therefore, be an object, and in such case, in a country where the love of gain is pre-eminent, if the heart be not guided by true patriotism, which is rare, one whose services are bought by interest would be far preferable to the want of energy displayed by the Count. Espartero received the news of the last unhappy state of the besieged city of Bilbao,* when at his head quarters on the Ebro. His hesitation was long and disastrous; he feared the consequence of weakening the line of the Ebro, and it was not until urged and entreated, that he arranged his plans and marched by the valley of La Mina to Castro, where, having embarked many of his troops, he hastened with the remainder by Somorrostro to Portugalette.

I should not attempt to describe or give an opinion of this movement, had I not, at one period, as the guest of this General, marched over the very same ground, and become acquainted with almost every yard of the country occupied by the army when relieving Bilbao. Even at this hour, that my pen humbly endeavours to trace the recollection of each spot to my mind's eye, I cannot hesitate to express my astonishment, that this place, once the pride of Biscay, should not have fallen into the hands of the

* Bilbao, during the war has been three times besieged.

Carlists; and I must add, that much credit is due to the troops, the urbanos, and the inhabitants, who so long and so ably defended themselves against the spirited and determined attacks of the flower of the Carlist army. On his arrival at Portugalette, Espartero first made a reconnoissance on the left bank of the Azua, as far as the small river Cadajua, where, finding a chain-bridge, the only one that crosses the river, by a fortified convent; both that and the positions on the opposite bank being strongly intrenched and ably defended. He, however, thought fit, after having met with considerable resistance, and some loss, to retire on his original positions in the neighbourhood of Portugalette, where, having met in council with the British naval officers commanding on the station, he determined on moving his army over to the right bank of the river, making an attempt in that direction.

This operation was speedily executed, and nearly the whole force landed on the opposite bank; new obstacles, however, and of a more formidable nature, here offered themselves; the bridge of Luchana, across the mouth of the Azua, which had been destroyed at a former siege, but since restored by the exertions of Evans, was again blown up. The mount Aspé, a

very formidable rocky eminence of some height, immediately commanding the river, and from which, in the year 1835, several British seamen had been wounded when rowing up, was occupied by the Carlists, who greatly annoyed the columns as they crossed, by a destructive fire from their guerillas; the high and wooded eminences on the opposite bank being also densely lined with light troops. Several batteries were at the same time well placed to dispute the passage of this river, which, notwithstanding its moderate dimensions in regard to breadth, is scarcely ever fordable, more particularly in winter, besides the obstacle of high and muddy banks. Espartero appears to have moved his army towards the village of Azua, which is situated about a league distant from the banks of the Nervion, with the intention of crossing at that spot, where there is a small bridge, and attacking the enemy, who were commanded by Villareal, on the plain. In this operation he failed, from what reason I am unable to state, as his force was undoubtedly superior to that of the Carlists, and as it always appeared to me to have been the most feasible *point d'attaque* at which Bilbao could have been relieved, without a most serious loss of life (which eventually was the case); that is to say, had the bridge of

Luchana been attacked at the same time, and a sortie made by the garrison of Bilbao.

The movements which commenced on this side of the river were therefore again given up after a most pusillanimous and useless skirmish, and the army again crossed to the Portugalette side, assisted by a bridge of boats arranged and constructed by British seamen, after which another trifling but still unsuccessful attack obliged Espartero, suffering both from body and mind, to remain for a time inactive and dispirited in his original positions.

The events that followed are well known; goaded by despair, and urged by the entreaties, advice, and energetic example of British officers, Espartero was at last roused from this lethargy, and with desperate decision prepared his army for victory or death; and the hallowed hours of Christmas-eve, instead of being past in solemn preparation, saw the snow-covered hills of his lovely country covered with the bleeding corpses of his countrymen. The Carlists, surprised and panic-stricken, fled, and the inmates of the city of Bilbao once more hailed with tears of joy the entrance of their deliverers. Where is the honour of such a victory?—where is the chief whose heart would not bleed at the success gained on the wreck of his nation, and what was the result

of this great achievement, acquired as it was by the force of British example and decision? True, the wretched and nearly starving inhabitants of Bilbao were once more free within their walls; but the lion that had made his spring, instead of immediately following up the enemy, that he declared he had crushed and annihilated, shrunk back growling and threatening in his den. The old story, for the hundredth time, was wafted to the world, that want of provisions and bad weather had prevented the Commander-in-chief from leaving his comfortable quarters until too late; yet whilst he was fêted and flattered at Bilbao, the Carlists had marched through the very snow that the Christinos (also Spaniards) could not, and had found bread, and organized their troops; though having met with a reverse, they were still far from being disheartened. Subsequent events have proved to the world the glorious results of the battle of Bilbao.

Not wishing to hurt, even unintentionally, the feelings of any individual, I have endeavoured to abstain from any allusion to persons in these pages, with the exception of those coming under the head of public characters: such have from their position a right to be brought on the *tapis.* I must therefore take leave to add a few words of heartfelt gratitude for the many attentions and

courtesies, and unremitting kindness that I have received from General Evans, during the period I had the pleasure of serving on his personal staff. To his goodness I am indebted for many opportunities of witnessing the country and the nature of the civil war in Spain, which otherwise I might not have been able to avail myself of. Notwithstanding the numerous unfounded and ungenerous party and political aspersions that have been heaped upon his head, I shall ask, in conclusion, a few minutes' attention from my readers, in order to give a brief outline of his military character, and I may add, that I have as far as possible avoided the slightest allusion to politics, and endeavoured to give a statement of facts; truth being the legitimate object of history and biography, and although I was serving in the Christino cause, I ever treated the Carlist as an honourable enemy. My statements may have some weight with the public, when it is considered that, however my own opinions may urge me in the hope that freedom and civil and religious liberty may be the watchword of Europe, at the same time, bitter and personal attacks can neither advance nor retard it.

The person of General Evans, is, perhaps, too well known in England to need an accurate description. Yet as many are daily reading

of him, and thousands are interested in his success, I may add, that his figure is tall and commanding, with an open and animated countenance; yet with hair so dark, and complexion so pale, that he has every appearance of being a native of the country in which he is serving. His habits are remarkably temperate, and his energy of mind and body undeviating. To speak of his personal courage in the field would be unnecessary, as this is well known, and duly appreciated by all the officers of his staff. In early life, General Evans distinguished himself in the British army, both at Waterloo and the Peninsula, and from his talent was chosen as an officer of the Quartermaster-general's staff. Many of his military drawings are still preserved at the Horse Guards. His experience as a military commander of any large force, must naturally be dated from his acceptance of the command of the Legion, which alone must prove that if his ambition was great, his strength of mind was at least equal; as thousands wishing it, would have withdrawn from such a charge.

That General Evans has in some few instances shewn a want of practice in the art of war, may doubtless be correct. Even were I competent to give judgment on his military talents as a chief, gratitude would induce me to refrain

from so ungenerous a task, and I should wish those too ready to condemn, to recollect in the first instance the extent of country occupied by the Carlists, and the numerous impediments to all military communications, the impregnable natural positions held by the enemy, and their central situation, which enables them to concentrate from time to time on any given point as circumstances may occur; and above all, to recollect what has been the composition of the force on which he has had to rely;—not a veteran army assembled under standards which they have followed to victory in a national cause, and subject to a nation's applause; not an army formed and trained upon principles of order, well disciplined and well organized, devoted to its officers, regarding them as their friends and united in the bond of patriotism; but a military body composed of men of all opinions and of all classes, having neither trust nor confidence in each other, and only concealing their faults until occasions may offer to shew them in glaring colours. On this motley army General Evans relied, to uphold his character as a military leader, and if we bear in mind what laurels he has gained, in spite of the abundant natural and other obstacles that have presented themselves since his arrival in Spain—the want of faith,

the jealousy and intrigue that have surrounded him on all sides—it is only astonishing that he has been so successful. The period of service is about to terminate which he promised to the Spanish Government, and I for one, shall hail the day that he quits the Spanish shores to renew his duties in the halls of St. Stephen.

Many British officers quitted England, by permission of the British Government, on the formation of the auxiliary force, and most of them have found their resting-place in the Spanish soil, or have been wounded. Amongst others, I have to regret two friends: the one Captain Tupper, late of the twenty-third Fusileers; the other, Captain Oliver Delancey, late of the sixtieth Rifles. If the regrets of hundreds, and the tears of sorrow that fell on the graves of these amiable and distinguished young men, can add one iota of consolation to their afflicted families, I can in truth say, that the pangs I felt individually, particularly for the latter, with whom I was on terms of intimacy and daily intercourse, may be traced in the hearts of all who knew them.

Had Bilbao fallen, in the ashes of its patriotism would have been buried for a time the Christino cause; as it was, the Carlist army for the moment was paralysed. No advantage being

taken of this event, their energies revived, and, with renewed hopes, they continue their bloody warfare. The results to unhappy Spain that must follow, unless some foreign power, by speedy and determined intervention, can save her, or that she can by some miracle save herself, prove that she will remain a desert, or worse,— a vast region filled with guerilla banditti, or divided parties, preying upon and plundering one another. Shut up, unprotected and unheeded, a region of moral pestilence, shuddered at and shunned by mankind, until massacre itself expires through mere want of a victim.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead?
Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain;
Look on the hands with female slaughter red;
Then to the dogs resign th' unburied slain,
Then to the vulture let each corse remain;
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw,
Let their bleached bones, and blood's unbleaching stain,
Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe,
Thus may our sons conceive the scenes we saw.



APPENDIX.

It has generally been stated that many officers on the half-pay of the British army who had entered the service of the Queen of Spain, were induced to leave it, from feelings of disgust at the general tenour of the organization and discipline of the Legion, and also from revolting feelings at the nature of the war. That the great want of faith shewn them on the part of the Spanish Government was sufficient to induce men to leave a cause in which they could have no national feeling, is true; yet, even under these circumstances, there were but few who quitted the Legion, except from ill-health or reductions proposed by the Government at Madrid. Having joined a cause, a want of stability is decidedly not favourable to any man: and I have therefore been induced to publish the following letters, without the slightest ostentation, but merely to shew my individual reason for leaving the personal staff of a general, by whom I was treated with undeviating kindness.

Head Quarters, Vittoria,
February 17th, 1836.

My dear Hall,

In conveying to you the Lieut.-General's sanction to your proceeding to England, on leave of absence, for six weeks, on account of your health, which has much suffered from your exertions since you came to this country, I am desired by him to assure you, that he has been much satisfied with your zeal and attention to your duties as his aide-de-camp, and that he now, while he regrets your loss, can only hope that a speedy re-establishment of your health may again give him the advantage of your very useful and efficient exertions and services. On my own part, wishing you every happiness, believe me always,

My dear Hall,
Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) Wm. Considine,
Mil. Secretary.

Major Herbert Byng Hall,
A. D. C. British Legion.

Vittoria, February 16th, 1836.

Dear Hall,

Your health has already so severely suffered from the constant exertion and excitement of your present mode of life, that Mr. Callander and myself both agree, that you not only ought to remain perfectly quiet for a time, but strongly recommend

you to leave Vittoria at once, and try if a voyage to England will restore your health and strength. I must add, from my knowledge of your constitution, taking into consideration the weakness of your chest, that you are not equal to the fatigue, the privations, and the excitement, incident to such service as this. Your late severe illness, and continued weakness and nervous debility, I attribute entirely to over-exertion and excitement, and, as often as you attempt the same duties, so often will you suffer from the same attacks. Be guided, therefore, by this opinion, which I have by no means hastily formed, as you must be aware, and try at once what change of air and climate, together with perfect rest, will do for you. I doubt much the prudence of your returning under any circumstances; but, at all events, unless you feel much stronger than you have ever done since you entered this service, or at least since you began the campaign, be assured, you can only seriously shatter your constitution by resuming the same labours.

Believe me, dear Hall,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) RUTHERFORD ALCOCK.

To Major Hall, &c. &c.

P.S. I have read this letter to Mr. Callander, the Inspector General of Hospitals, and he begs me to add, that he perfectly coincides with all I have written to you on the subject of your health.

R. A.

[Translation from the original Letters.]

Ayuntamiento of St. Sebastian,
December 13th, 1836.

To the Colonel commanding the B. A. Forces.

SIR,

Your happy and prompt arrival with the forces under your command is of the greatest assistance to this town, in the present alarming situation. The protection afforded by these forces is esteemed so much by me and the inhabitants, that we make it a duty (and a most agreeable one) to render you homage of the purest gratitude: but, if it was in your power, the Ayuntamiento (corporation) consider it would be of the greatest assistance to the town could you bring three hundred more men at least, until they could be relieved by Spanish troops. We beg of you, if possible, to give us this additional proof of your goodness and protection. In the present circumstances, your presence inspires confidence, calms the minds of the inhabitants, and is most useful to the service of Isabel II. and the good cause.

Receive, Sir, the high consideration of our esteem.

(Signed in the name of the Corporate Body),

ALEX. de BURGUE, President.
LORENZO de ALZATE, Secretary.

Colonel Arbuthnot, St. Sebastian.

Ayuntamiento of St. Sebastian,
December 16th, 1836.

SIR,

We understand that you have received orders from General Evans to join the B. A. L., and which has induced us to address to H. E. the General-in-chief the despatch of which I now enclose a copy. Though we have stated that your remaining in this town with the forces under your command is indispensable, we cannot but repeat to you the same prayer, and therefore implore you to continue us your protection, and not to leave these walls until other forces arrive; for the present force consists only in a regiment of infantry, and nothing can compensate for the loss of your artillerymen, who have given so great a proof of their skill, terrifying the enemy, who have at present ceased their hostilities. We are certain that, if your departure should take place before the arrival of artillerymen that can keep the citadel in the state it now is, the past scenes would be repeated.

You can save us from more misfortunes by remaining in this town: you will, at the same time, make Isabel II.'s flag respected, and your services will not be less valuable at St. Sebastian than with the Legion. Your presence has calmed our minds, and roused the public spirit, *imparting* an unlimited confidence. Your departure would cause a general grief, for the town would again be threatened and insulted by the enemy.

We rely upon your not abandoning us; and our gratitude will be everlasting; and if you think it necessary, we will address ourselves to your worthy General, assured that we shall obtain his consent.

Believe us, Sir, that we highly appreciate you and the officers under your command.

I have the honour, &c. &c.,

(Signed in the name of the Corporate Body),

ALEX. de BURGUE, President.
LORENZO de ALZÁTE, Secretary.

Colonel Arbuthnot, commanding
B. A. F. at St. Sebastian.

Ayuntamiento of St. Sebastian,
Dec. 17th, 1836.

SIR,

It has been reported to us that you have received from General Evans, despatches that may oblige you to retire from this citadel, and the members of the Corporation have consequently met on this alarming occasion.

We beg to inform you, with the utmost anxiety, that your departure would be a calamity, under the present circumstances: the inhabitants believe themselves secure with your presence, and we could not hold ourselves answerable, if that alarm returns which was calmed by the happy arrival of the Auxiliaries, who have inspired so much confidence, and have added, by their presence, so much courage to the defenders of the good cause.

In our present unhappy situation, we know of

no better support than you: if you should fail, we lose the best guarantee for our tranquillity; but we hope that you will not place us in the fearful position of exposing ourselves to fresh attacks, by leaving our town before we receive reinforcements.

In the name of the Corporate Body,

(Signed) A. DE BURGUE, President.

Col. Arbuthnot, B.A.L.
commanding at St. Sebastian.

GENERAL ORDER.

San Sebastian, Aug. 31st, 1835.

In the reconnoissance of yesterday, the Lieut. General desires to observe, that not a sixth part of the intended strength of the Legion was employed. It would have, therefore, been against all rule and reason to have undertaken any serious operation, however inviting may have been the retrograde movements of the enemy.

The movement had no more important object than that of exercise to the men, and seeing the progress of the enemy's intrenchments on the mountains near Hernani. It was unexpectedly converted into an almost species of military affair, by the sudden abandonment, by the enemy, of their lines on the Venta-hill.

Some of the troops engaged on this occasion were scarcely above ten days embodied, none above six weeks. The Lieut.-General much doubts whether such steadiness, spirit, and formidable regu-

larity under fire, in very extended movements, were ever before displayed by troops so recently brought together. It is a subject of astonishment, and reflected the highest honour on both officers and men.

The retirement of the column, which is a much more difficult operation, was conducted in as orderly a manner as the advance.

The *Chapelgoris*, the San Fernando, and African Regiments, manifested a brilliant courage and enterprise: but the firmness of Her Catholic Majesty's young auxiliary troops was worthy of similar approbation.

The operations of the day have been an excellent practice for both men and officers.

The activity of the enemy, as skirmishers, which seemed their chief, if not only merit, proves to the troops the necessity of learning quickly to fight, advance, and retire occasionally in open order as light troops. The practice, however, of firing at long shots, so much indulged in by our opponents, they are particularly requested not to imitate.

By command of the Lieut.-General,

O. De Lancey,

Dy. Adjt. General.

THE END.

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